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THE FRIENDS OF LONG AGO.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

When I sit in the twilight gloaming,
And the busy streets grow still,
I dream of the wide green meadows,
And the little house on the hill.
I can see the roses growing,
About the doorway low,
And again my heart gives greeting
To the friends of long ago;
Dear long ago!

I can see my mother, sitting
With life's snowflakes in her hair,
And she smiles above her knitting,
And her face is saintly fair.
And I see my father sitting
From the Bible on his knee,
And again I hear him praying
As he used to pray for me—
So long ago!

I see all the dear old faces
Of the boys and girls at home,
As I saw them in the dear old days,
Before we had learned to roam.
And I see the friends I used to know,
With the friends I used to know,
And my heart forgets its sorrows
In its dream of long ago,
Dear long ago!

How widely our feet have wandered,
From the old home's tender ties.
Some are beyond the ocean
And some are beyond the skies.
My heart grows sad with thinking
Of the friends I used to know,
Perhaps I shall meet in heaven
All the loved of long ago—
Dear long ago!

The Girl Rivals;

OR,

THE WAR OF HEARTS.

BY CORINNE CUSHMAN,

AUTHOR OF "BLACK EYES AND BLUE," "BRAVE BARBARA," "HUNTED BRIDE," ETC.

CHAPTER IV.

A REJECTED APPEAL.

"She loves me!—her eyes betrayed it!" he murmured, with a fierce joy, as he hurried down the steps.

For an hour he walked up one street and down another, in a most distracted way. From the first he had anticipated such an ending to this miserable business—yet, when the expected blow fell, he was stunned.

At the end of an hour he called a carriage and was driven to the humble home of the young stranger whose fate was so inextricably blended with his own.

I say "stranger," for the acquaintance of this rashly-wedded pair had progressed but slowly since they had left the altar before which they had been pronounced "man and wife." A brief call of fifteen minutes each afternoon, during which he always saw his bride in the presence of her mother, had been the utmost limit of the bridegroom's attentions. He had intimated to Mrs. Lovelace that some cultivation of each other's society and friendship would be desirable for both, before they began to live together. The mother gladly acquiesced—since, although her desire to secure a rich husband for her child before herself should be taken away from this life had induced her to consent to the sudden marriage, she had felt the want of delicacy in such a proceeding.

She was more than pleased with the refined consideration of her new son-in-law; as yet seeing little reason to complain, since he never came without bringing rich presents to herself and her daughter. New furniture came to replace the few shabby articles remaining of their store: delicacies, suited to an invalid's appetite; fine dresses for herself; and for her darling child, jewels, laces, fans, perfumery, bijouterie, and a whole outfit of handsome garments, bonnets, wraps, dainty robes. The bride had a new purse, filled with gold and bank-notes, in place of the poor little affair she had left.

Every day, after their fine luncheon, little Mildred dressed herself in her new finery and sat down by the window to watch and wait for her fairy prince.

She was as pretty as possible, with her soft gold-brown hair piled up on her head to make her appear taller and more like a wife—her silken dress falling about her fairy figure, her white neck encircled with pearls or costly-cut pink corals, and the wedding-ring shining on the slender finger of the dimpled hand which rested on the window-sill.

At first Mildred had gone to meet her prince with the eagerness of a child who expects new toys; but a change was coming over her manner very rapidly.

Before her strange marriage Mildred had been simply a child; but womanly feelings develop wonderfully under "the light of a dark eye" shining upon the unopened buds which have heretofore lain so closely curled. The rose of love was forced into sudden bloom in her heart. Its sweet perfume stole through her being, thrilling her veins with life and joy; but also, this rose, so sweet, so intoxicating in its delicious fragrance, was set about with cruel thorns.

Dreaming over her peculiar position, day and night, Mildred was not such a child but that she perceived its embarrassments and dangers; her sole hope, her sole wish—the one wild cry of her young heart—was, that her prince might learn to love her as she already loved him.

Was it possible? Was there even the shadow of a hope that it might come to pass?



Ruth snatched the jewel from her finger and threw it, with her full force, far over the sparkling snow.

She sat by the window looking for him, and when he came and she rose to meet him, there was a smile on her lip, but she was pale as death. He gave her the customary light kiss on her forehead, led her back to her chair.

"You are pale, little Mildred," he said, after bowing to the mother.

"Pale, Mr. Garner" and then, indeed, she blushed rosy red, all over the sweet brow and fair throat. "I am very well indeed. But you are not well, sir. You are pale, I am sure," and the little hand with the wedding-ring on it crept timidly toward his shrinking back again, however, before she touched him.

"I have had a shock," he said, laughing lightly. "I did not suppose it had changed my complexion, though."

She looked at him wistfully—would he tell her? She longed to know what had troubled him; but she would not venture the liberty of asking him.

"My uncle has disinherited me and driven me out of his house with orders not to step my foot in it again. So now, little Mildred, I am as poor as you are!"

A flash of light illuminated the child-wife's face; her color came and went; her lips parted; her great violet eyes shone on with sudden splendor for a moment and then fell, modestly, before his look.

Surely, now that he was poor and had no home, he would come to *them*—to her and her mother! How gladly she would dispose of the jewels and silks he had given her, so as to gain a little money to make this poor home more comfortable for him! Yes, she would willingly take up again the tedious music-lessons, for his sake! How earnestly she would try to make him forget his troubles! Oh, if she knew some better way to make money, so that she could occasionally surprise him with some of his accustomed luxuries! Thus the thoughts of the poor little simple thing leaped forward, painting their future.

She was aroused from these delicious plans by the cold, unsteady tones of her mother's voice:

"Had your sudden marriage anything to do with your uncle's action, Mr. Garner?"

"Everything, my dear madam. You see, he had other views for me—had another bride, in fact, selected. It is natural that he should be disappointed and offended."

"What do you propose to do?"

"There you have me, madame. I have not had time to decide upon my future as yet; it is scarcely an hour since my haughty relative gave me permission to forget his existence."

"Perhaps he will repent and recall you."

"I do not happen to be made of the stuff that is subject to recalls. When a man kicks me out of his house, I am not a dog, to be coaxed back again."

"But you must consider his feelings, Mr. Garner. Supposing you do not make up with your uncle, however; do you mean to say that you have absolutely nothing of your own?"

"I have my hands and my head, but neither of these are accustomed to making themselves useful. Still, not to discourage you too much, Mrs. Lovelace, I will say that I have at least a thousand dollars' worth of knick-knacks bought with money left me by my father; that I will dispose of these as soon as possible, and give to you, for your daughter's use, every penny which they bring. After that is done, I will consider further."

"I do not want your money," spoke up little Mildred, with trembling lips; "I will not take it, Mr. Garner; you need it more than I

do. Do you suppose I would touch it?" indignantly.

He smiled at her affectionately, laying his hand lightly on her soft, gold-threaded hair for an instant.

"You must take it, little Mildred," he said, half-reprovingly. "It is my business and my right to provide for you. I want to make you and your mother as comfortable as I can before I go away."

"Go away!"—this from Mrs. Lovelace.

"Yes, madame. Boston is not the place for me to begin m'king my living, under the circumstances. I shall do better in some other place. It hurts a fellow's pride, you understand, to have the cold shoulder thrust under his nose. I shall leave the city as soon as I can wind up my small affairs. Mildred, good-by for to-day. I will see you to-morrow as usual."

Mildred arose from her chair and made him a stately bow. She did not seem to see the hand he held out; while so proudly did she hold her graceful little head, she seemed to him to have grown inches taller in a moment. Her soft eyes flashed, her lip curled, her cheek was white as winter's snow. Otis Garner felt, as he left her presence, as if some queen had just dismissed him in disgrace.

He flattered himself that he understood "the girls."

Truly, he had flirted with enough of them! But he did not understand this one—for he mistook the cause of his displeasure.

"She's a mercenary little wretch!" he said, to himself, as he walked away. "By Venus! I did not think *she* would be the first to show me how I had fallen!" Upon my word, her little beggarishness was quite grand! It's a wonder she did not tell me not to call again. Perhaps she will cut me entirely by to-morrow! I must take her a present. And, by-the-by, I must attend to that little business of raising some money for her. I can't leave them penniless and her mother:

"I'm married to a wife, my boys.

"And that by Jove's no joke!
I've ate the white of this world's egg,
And now must eat the yolk."

sings Bailey, and he's about right. Let me see! Uncle gave me the yacht and the pair of blacks—they are now his property again; I won't raise money on *them*. But the bay trotter I bought with my own private funds. He is good for eight hundred at this time of the year—two thousand easily, when you don't want to sell. I can't spare my watch; but I have a lot of expensive trash: my diamond sleeve-buttons cost me three hundred—good for half that, I suppose. My onyx cameos are worth about as much. My sphinx head buttons cost something—why, yes, my sleeve-buttons alone, come to think, are a nice little collection worth a thousand dollars at forced sale. Think of providing for a wife on the strength of one's sleeve-buttons!" Otis laughed so gayly at the idea that a stranger, passing him, looked back at the happy young man with wonder and envy.

It was three days before Otis Garner called again on his girl-wife. When he did appear, it was to say good-by.

"I go to New York on the evening train," he said.

His face was somber, its healthy, olive glow blanched to a sickly brown; his words were abrupt; he was evidently in a hurry. But he took Mrs. Lovelace aside and gave her a bank-book, telling her that he had deposited fifteen hundred dollars to the credit of Mrs. Mildred

Garnier, which sum she was to draw upon as she needed it.

"You have not left yourself penniless?" the mother had the grace to inquire. She was bitterly disappointed at the way matters were turning out, much on account of the loss of wealth and grandeur of station to her darling daughter, and more because she feared her rash approval of the hasty marriage was doomed to blight that daughter's happiness.

"No—I have five hundred dollars in my pocket."

"Well, you have been very liberal, I am sure—under the circumstances. We thank you."

Otis bowed and turned to Mildred who stood in the center of the room, still and white as a statue.

He had not forgotten her demeanor at his last visit. Believing her selfish and calculating, he was glad of it, as an excuse to himself for treating her as he intended to do. He did not know of the pangs which that proud look covered—pangs of wounded love, of cruel mortification at his indifference.

Now he took her little cold hand calmly and proceeded to say the last few words in a voice destitute of the least emotion. Mildred looked up pleadingly into the dark eyes, so beautiful and so cold to her; her sweet mouth blanched and trembled—oh, how pretty and how pitiable she looked!

The young man began to grow uneasy under those asking eyes. He wished "the dooced, embarrassing interview" well over.

"You will write to me, Mr. Garner?"

"Write? Oh, certainly—that is, I suppose so—of course, occasionally. But I expect to be in business and not have much time to myself."

"Just a few little lines, now and then, that I may know how you prosper."

"Well, of course. And now, good-by, little Mildred. Take good care of her, Mrs. Lovelace, will you?"

Mildred clung to the hand he held out to her. She gasped out, with dry lips, those loving, piteous eyes fixed on his:

"Take me with you, Mr. Garner!"

"I cannot!" he answered, abruptly, astonished and alarmed. "I have nothing on which to keep a wife; it would be folly—madness! Remain here with your good mother. She will take better care of you than I could."

"That is true," said Mildred, slowly. "And I could not leave dear, sick mamma, after all. You are right, Mr. Garner."

Pride was again struggling for mastery over love, which had broken all bounds, even of girlish timidity, when she made that passionate appeal. Her eyes fell, her cold little hand relaxed its hold; she stood mute.

"Perhaps some day it will be different," Otis said, more tenderly, pitying the frail little creature who drooped before him. "If I ever get rich I will come for you—for you are my wife, you know, strange as it seems."

"Yes, I know."

"If you get weary of waiting before I have made that fortune the law gives you release, you know, Mildred. A few years of 'willful desertion' on my part will free you. Perhaps that would be the greatest kindness I could do you."

No response.

"Well, farewell, little Mildred."

"Good-by, Mr. Garner."

He lifted her hand to his lips, bowed to her mother, and hurried out, glad to get away from a "scene," into the open air.

Little Mildred stood where he left her until the last echo of his foot on the pavement died away—then she sank slowly, slowly down, and would have fallen had not her mother caught her in her feeble arms and sunk down with her, pillowing the pale white-rose cheek in her lap, and gazing with anguish and remorse at the closed eyes—closed in merciful unconsciousness to the weary truth that this is a hard world for the poor and unprotected.

CHAPTER V.

A CRUEL MISTAKE.

RUTH FLETCHER arose very early on Christmas morning. It was yet a full hour to daylight. She ran to the window in her night-gown, parted the dimity curtains and looked out, gazing a moment at the glorious "Star of the East," blazing transcendent over the dark brown of the wooded hills. Old Speckle-back, in the barn-yard, was crowing lustily, as if saying, "Merry—merry—mer-ry Christmas all!"

"A merry Christmas to you, too, old Speckle-back," whispered Ruth; and then, shivering—for it was very cold—she lighted her lamp and hurried to dress herself; after which she crept softly down-stairs.

She heard Betsey, the servant-girl, stirring up the fire in the kitchen-stove, but she did not go there; she slipped into the sitting-room, drawing toward the great tiled fireplace, from which came the faint, smothered glimmer of the covered hickory coals. There was still heat enough to make the vicinity of the hearth quite comfortable; she crouched down by it, poking the ashes away from the buried fire, so that she could see better, and glanced with curiosity at a short row of bulging stockings which hung on a little line below the tall mantelpiece.

It had been made up between her and the schoolmaster that they should play children and "hang up their stockings." David's blue-yarn sock was there, also. They had had a great deal of fun the previous evening disposing these articles to their satisfaction and wondering what Santa Claus would bring them.

Ruth had no intention of examining the contents until the others had arrived to share the inspection. But she had found no suitable opportunity, the night before, of depositing her gift in the teacher's stocking without being observed. Therefore she had stolen down early to do so. She saw, by the dim red light, that there were things in her stocking. Had he placed any of them?—and, oh, what would they be? Still, she would not look, until the time agreed upon. With nervous, trembling fingers she slipped her present into the schoolmaster's long silk stocking. It was an elegant, costly stocking. She had thought her soft white merino one pretty enough, but it was no match for this. The ever-lurking fear that Mr. Otis, poor as he seemed to be, must despise her and her people and their country ways returned upon her in full force and she half-withdrew her hand, while a painful struggle went on in her mind. But the powerful temptation overcame her fears and she fiercely thrust down into the silken toe a little oval package wrapped in tissue paper.

Mistaken Ruth! She had done what no girl should ever do, unless she is engaged to him—given her picture to a young man. It is true that when she had once shown the photograph to Mr. Otis he had carelessly said that he would like a copy of it—that was all. And now she had bestowed it on him without further solicitation. Girls cannot be too chary of such gifts. Men are too mannish to need such encouragement.

But then, Ruth was very young, and very innocent and ignorant. She thought she might properly make a "Christmas gift" of her picture to her teacher; half the girls in school had already bestowed these tokens

went off early, and in a pet, because she had treated him coolly in the presence of the schoolmaster.

Jasper Judson was the eldest son of the farmer whose land joined Fletcher's. The Fletchers were rich and the Judsons were rich, according to the limited idea of riches of their neighbors. Both owned large and well-cultivated farms, with stock and implements in abundance, and great, comfortable houses, with lawns in front, summer-houses on the lawns, and carriages and carriage-horses in the stables. Each had quite a sum of money, saved in prosperous seasons, in the Boston banks. Both families aspired to some style and more cultivation. Jasper was being fitted by Mr. Otis for college, while Ruth had been away at an academy for two years, and could jabber bad French and play the piano better than the majority of young ladies.

So that the settled idea of the fathers of the young people that Judson's son and Fletcher's daughter were well matched, and ought to mate when the right time came, was a very sensible and pleasant view of matters.

The parties most interested had held the same views until quite recently—until, in fact, “the Boston snob” had come to teach the winter school, and Ruth had concluded to attend it.

Not that Ruth and Jasper were engaged, or ever had been. He had been contented, so far, to know that she always preferred him to any other escort, when they went to evening church, singing-school, sleighing-parties or spelling-bees. But, since the advent of Mr. Otis—handsome, dark, mysterious, self-possessed, contemptuous doubtless—his feelings had changed. Rage, sorrow, burning jealousy had taken the place of expectant content. His heart had grown sorrier and sorrier, until it would no longer bear the least jar given by careless Ruth more often than was necessary.

He had come over on Christmas Eve, notwithstanding he had been so angry with Ruth that he had not spoken to her when they last met—he had come, driven to torment himself still more keenly by bringing his actual eyes to behold what his mental ones pictured constantly—the sight, so hateful to him, of the haughty schoolmaster making himself agreeable to Ruth—*his* Ruth.

“What is he, anyhow?” Jasper had said to himself, going over. “Only a country schoolteacher! I could buy him out, six times over!” Yet, though only a teacher, as Jasper said, the country boy felt the full weight of the power which ease, knowledge of the world, elegant manners and graceful accomplishments gave to the one he considered his rival.

It had been agreed upon, before Jasper went away the previous evening, to have a grand skating-party on the river Christmas night. Ruth, sitting there in the slowly-growing dawn, her bright eyes fixed on the glimmering coals, hoped and wished that Mr. Otis would make one of the party; yet she hardly believed he would.

Then she contrasted, in her busy mind, Jasper and the teacher. Poor Jasper! he came very sorry out of the experiment.

Then, all in a thrill and with her fair face burning with blushes, the dreaming girl sprung to her feet, laughing at her own embarrassment. Mr. Otis stood on the hearth; David came softly behind him.

“Merry Christmas to both!” cried the boy; and there were laughing, and pleasant wishes, and a gay examination of the contents of the stockings.

The first thing the teacher drew from his was a feather.

“You gave me that, David,” and the boy laughed at his own joke.

Then the hand of the owner went deeper and drew up the little oval package. Ruth bent over her own stocking that he might not read the telltale expression of her face; David was deep in the surprises of his own sock; so neither noticed the glimmer of a scornful, satirical smile which played an instant over the teacher's face, as he unfolded the tissue-paper and saw its contents.

“Little fool!” was what he thought: “Little beauty!” was what he said.

Ruth could not read the thought, but she heard the words, and the flush on her cheeks grew deeper, though she affected not to hear, so being so busy with her own treasures. For Ruth, being an only daughter, was not slighted by her family.

There were many nice things in her stocking—a purse from father, with fifty dollars, pin-money, in it—a handsome card-case from David—a set of coral jewelry from mother—and last, at the very bottom of all, a tiny box. On opening this, there in its white-velvet bed sparkled a diamond ring! She uttered a low cry: then, looking as if on the verge of laughter and tears, she gathered up her apron, with stocking and all in it, and fled up to her own room without once looking the schoolmaster in the face. Locking the door, she sat down on the edge of the bed, her heart fluttering, her breath panting.

“A ring! Of course he gave it to me! There is no one else would think of such a thing—except Jasper!—and if Jasper gave me a ring, it would be some cheap, common thing! This is a real diamond, like those he wears in his bosom. It could come from no one else. And I know what it means! Diamond rings are engagement-rings. Oh, I hoped so—I hoped so, before, and now I am certain of it! What a happy, happy girl I am!”

All in a tremble, blushing, crying, smiling, she drew the beautiful jewel from its velvet cushion and examined it.

“Ruth was engraved on the inside of the ring. She tried it on “the engagement-finger” of her left hand; it fitted as if the dimpled finger had been measured for it.

The bell rung for breakfast. It seemed to her as if she could never face him now. Yet she must go down, or father and mother would think it strange; she had not yet thanked them for their gifts. While she hesitated, some one tripped the door and then knocked.

“Who is it?”

“I,” answered David's voice.

“Do you want anything?”

“Yes; I want to tell you what he said.”

Ruth opened the door a little way—she did not want her brother's sharp eyes to read her face.

“He gave the ring to me to put in your stocking, sis; and he said, ‘Tell her, if she puts it on her finger and wears it, I will take it as a sign and a promise.’”

“Yes, David. Thank you. You are a good brother,” whispered the girl. “Run down to breakfast now.”

“You come, too; mother's asking after you.”

Ruth ran back and replaced the ring on her finger—she had returned it to its box, too timid to show it down stairs. Then she stole down to the great kitchen where the family usually partook of its meals in winter time. She glided in like a morning sunbeam; then, as Mr. Otis looked up, smiling at her, she veiled her emotion in a rush to her mother,

whom she embraced, and thanked for her lovely gift. Father, too, had to be hugged and kissed and thanked; finally, all in a flurry and confusion, Ruth took her place at table beside the teacher, her happy eyes vailed shyly by their long lashes, her sweet voice trembling a little when she replied to his commonplace remarks about the weather, the skating party, and other home topics.

It chanced, though the teacher staid home all day, that he and Ruth were not left alone together a single moment. There were friends of the family to dinner. The brief day soon drew toward dark, and Ruth, almost as awed and frightened as she was happy, felt it a relief that Mr. Otis had no opportunity of speaking to her privately. It was enough that they had come to a mutual understanding. Her wearing of his ring was all that was necessary.

Whenever her shy, soft eyes did venture to meet his own, there was a silent laugh deep down in those black eyes that she hardly understood. But his manner was very devoted;

so much so, that the visitors noticed it, rallying her in private over her “conquest,” as people do on such occasions. And David would look so knowing that he made her blush more than once.

At dinner Mr. Otis had promised to go down on the ice with them that night.

“This evening, when we are together on the river, he will speak to me, and thank me for wearing his ring,” thought happy Ruth; “I can bear to have it spoken about then.”

“I wish I had not promised to go with Jasper Judson,” was her thought, all the afternoon. “But, I need not keep much with him. Mr. Otis will find a way to take me away from him.”

Evening came and brought Jasper.

He looked rather pale and cold when he came in, but soon warmed, and was bright and gay—more so than they had seen him for. He was a fine-looking young fellow—a little awkward yet—he was only twenty—but full of spirit and fire. It was easy to see that he had a will of his own. The flash of his clear gray eye, the firm line of his handsome mouth betrayed it; also that he was open-hearted, generous and brave.

The little party were soon ready to join the larger one on the ice. Mr. Otis and David went a little in advance, followed by Jasper and Ruth. Jasper lingered on the way exasperatingly. His companion's eyes followed the lessening figure of Mr. Otis; her thoughts were all with him.

They had come to a secluded place on their way to the river, when Ruth was suddenly surprised by finding herself clasped in Jasper's trembling arms.

“Dear, dear, darling Ruth,” he murmured, trying to find her averted face; “how can I ever thank you for your goodness. Ah, that vile schoolmaster! Why was I ever so jealous of him, when you loved me, after all, my little sweet! when I saw my ring on your finger this evening, and David told me he had given this to me—”

“Your ring!” cried Ruth, almost with a scream, wrenching herself from him and standing erect, panting, pale, under the great golden stars that looked calmly down.

“My ring, of course, until it became yours. David told you—for he said so,” stammered David, confused and doubting.

Ruth snatched the jewel from her finger and threw it, with her full force, far away over the sparkling snow; then she burst into a laugh.

“Pardon me for misleading you, Jasper Judson. I thought—upon my word!—I thought David gave me the nasty little glass diamond!” and she laughed long and merrily.

CHAPTER VI.

AN ACCIDENT AND AN ACCUSATION.

JASPER was not deceived by the little white lie Ruth had told to conceal her mortification and disappointment.

He saw, in one lightning flash, the mistake she had made. He knew that those beaming looks, which he falsely dreamed were owing to his gift, had been caused by her belief that Mr. Otis had given her the ring.

For a few moments the two stood in the road silent. The brilliant starlight falling on the ground made light enough for Jasper to see the blank misery on his companion's face had he chosen to look. But, awkward and coarse as Ruth thought him, in comparison with another, he was the truest gentleman of the two.

Mr. Otis would have looked—and smiled.

Jasper was too considerate, too delicate, even in that moment of rage and pain, to gaze upon the embarrassment which he knew was there.

“Oh, I shall die! I shall die!” was the girl's silent cry, as she thought over the day and felt that Mr. Otis must have perceived her mistake.

“I shall die from shame and misery! He was laughing at me all the time! Oh, how cruel! How wicked! He might so easily have undeceived me in some delicate way. I hate him. I hate Jasper. I hate everybody. Oh, I wish I were dead!”

Jasper, too, was thinking, as he set his teeth together.

“I hate him—she loves him! Curse his sneering face! If he comes in my way to-night it will be the worse for him.”

Finally, with choking voice, he said:

“Take my arm, Ruth. Let us not expose ourselves to the ridicule of others. I will conduct you to the ice, and leave you with Mr. Otis.”

“No—no. Not with him; leave me with David.”

So they went along, silently, until they came in sight of the gay party thronging the smooth ice of the river, where, a half-mile above the mill-pond, it flowed straight, broad and swift, in summer, and in winter made the finest skating-ground anywhere in the vicinity. A large fire of logs and brushwood had been built on shore, where cold toes could be toasted, and where a great kettle full of coffee steamed, ready for any who desired it. The young people had brought good things in baskets, too; since this being Christmas night, they had resolved upon the novelty of a picnic on the ice.

As they drew near, the two saw the schoolmaster already surrounded by a bevy of admiring girls. With a scowl upon his usually pleasant face, Jasper looked at him a minute, and then, approaching David, with Ruth still on his arm, he said:

“Take care of your sister a little while; I must help the boys place more logs on the fire.”

“Shall I strap your skates on for you, Ruth?” asked the boy.

“No,” she answered him, bitterly. “I never want you to do anything for me again.”

“Now, what's up, sis? Didn't I do the errand jolly this morning?”

She did not reply, and he looked, in surprise, at her pale face and glistening eyes; not a glimmer of the truth made its way into his innocent brain.

She walked quickly toward a group further away, so as to avoid the teacher's eyes, but he

had already given her one quick, sidelong look; unperceived. Sitting on a block of ice, she was “orking to put on her skates herself, when Mr. Otis came up.

“Allow me, Ruth,” he said, smiling at her with those inscrutable eyes of his, as he bent over to kiss her, to assist her.

“Do you skate? I forgot what you told me about it,” she asked him, trying to affect carelessness—her heart was nearly bursting out of her bosom, but pride enabled her to steady her voice and to look him in the face as he answered:

“I used to be the champion skater at college. I have not practiced lately, and to-night I am unpreserved with skates.”

“Somebody must lend you a pair. Jasper Judson is held to be the champion skater of Pentacket. I should like to see you two try a race together.”

“If I can borrow a good pair of skates, you shall be obliged, Miss Ruth. Though, as I say, I am out of practice.”

The skates were on by this time, and Ruth, rising, glided away from him, and off by herself, on a more deserted part of the river. As the schoolmaster had no skates he could not follow her; and Jasper would not, so, for all that he thought it strange. Just then I heard a sort of muffled cry. I dashed forward, and nearly went into the hole myself. When I saw it, I thought, all in a flash, what must have happened, and I flung myself down, and crawled as near as I could. I saw I could do no good that way, and I made a dash for a rail from Squire Peters' fence, and I got it across the hole, and supported myself by it, but the stream must have swept me down. So I skated ahead, with my rail, to the next air-hole, but could see or hear nothing; there was nothing to do but give him up.”

The awe-stricken group that listened formed about Ruth. She heard every word that Jasper spoke, but he did not look at her.

There was nothing for the girls to do but go home. The most of the men were going down to the dam to see if they could find anything of the body there—though it was not probable.

David went off with these; Ruth still sat on the ice, supporting herself by the rail.

She sprang to her feet; her face was white, but her eyes flashed up into his bending face one terrible look of accusation.

“Never speak to me again, Jasper Judson! You could have saved him if you would, I do believe. And you knew of that air-hole this side the dam—it has been there all winter. You are as good as a murderer. I don't know what other folks will call you, but I call you a murderer!”

(To be continued—commenced in No. 367.)

like this, with a swift-running stream to wash him down, it's no use.”

There had been no chance before to hear from Jasper the first particulars of the accident; he was asked for them now.

“I don't rightly know how it happened,” he spoke, still as if dazed, pressing his hand to his forehead. “We were to skate to the elm that bends over the river, you know. I was quite sure there were no air-holes this side of the tree. He got ahead of me, considerable, after we passed here, and was out of my sight a minute around that bend, you know, where the willows grow so thick, and when I came round after him he was nowhere in sight. I thought it strange. Just then I heard a sort of muffled cry. I dashed forward, and nearly went into the hole myself. When I saw it, I thought, all in a flash, what must have happened, and I flung myself down, and crawled as near as I could. I saw I could do no good that way, and I made a dash for a rail from Squire Peters' fence, and I got it across the hole, and supported myself by it, but the stream must have swept me down. So I skated ahead, with my rail, to the next air-hole, but could see or hear nothing; there was nothing to do but give him up.”

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(To be continued—commenced in No. 367.)

UNCLE REMUS' REVIVAL HYMN.

Oh, whar shall we go w'en the great day comes,
Wid de blowin' uv de trumpets an' de bangin' uv
de drums?

How many miners there is! Il be catchin' out late,
How fin' no latch to de goldin' gate!

No use fer ter wait twell to-morrer!
De sun munstn't set on yo' sorror.

Sin' ez sharp ez a bamboo brier—
Oh, Lord! fech de mo morn' up higher!

W'en du nashuns uv de earf is a-stan'in' all
aroun'!

Who's a-gwine ter be choosen fer to war de glory

Who's a-gwine fer ter stan' stiff-kneed an' bol'

An' answer to de name at da callin' uv de roll?

You better come now of yo' com

"That's more than he is, marm," Hallowell observed, in his blunt way; "for he's as quiet and sober as a judge."

"Indeed!"

"Yes, fact! So, marm, don't you be disappointed if he don't talk much. Fact is I do jawing enough for the hull firm."

"I'm afraid that you wrong him and slander yourself!" Miss Campbell exclaimed, with a laugh, and looking the miner straight in the face with her beaming blue eyes.

A blunt and outspoken, Hallowell said afterward, in describing the interview, he had never felt so strong an inclination to hug a woman before in all his life.

Miss Dianora Campbell had taken Elijah Hallowell for all he was worth.

"'T'll—I'll fetch you out, Miss—marm!" the miner exclaimed, in evident confusion, and then he retreated in hot haste to the shanty planted against the side of the gully.

Dianora watched him with her great eyes, and a little smile of contempt curled her handsome lips.

"What fools these men are!" she muttered, from between her white teeth which were as regular and perfect in their set as ever Dame Nature placed within the mouth of a mortal. "I can twist this fellow around my finger just as I please—the great, overgrown boy, I have snared him, but the other, ah! who knows?"

And after the utterance of this phrase, borrowed from our sister tongue of Mexico, Miss Campbell sat down upon a small boulder which rested in a bed of white sand.

Her sun-umbrella she carried in her hand, the silicon folds closed, and with the sharp point she began idly tracing lines in the smooth surface of the sand. Evidently she was in deep thought.

She had watched the door of the humble shanty close behind the stalwart figure of the miner, and she expected each instant to see it reopen and expose to sight the person of the man she sought.

The seconds lengthened into minutes and yet he came not.

"If he don't come to me, I'll go to him!" she muttered, and just at that moment Dianora did not wear that lovely expression which had so fascinated the tall son of the State of Maine.

And then the lines in the sand took shape and resolved themselves into letters—the letters into words.

And the words a name.

Meredith Kirkley she wrote in the sand, and then on the end of the name she affixed, as if in mockery, the title, Mrs. Montana!

Smiling—but with something cruel and heartless in her smile—she contemplated her work.

"Meredith Kirkley, Mrs. Montana?" she murmured. "Oh, no! act while I live!" she cried, fiercely; and as she spoke she jabbed the point of the umbrella handle along the name, ruthlessly destroying what she had written so fairly in a bold, round hand.

"Oh, no, never while I live!" she repeated.

"He may not be for me, but I will never tamely submit to see him the prize of any other woman! And this little doll-faced shop-girl, with her mincing step and her prim dress, to dare to think of rivaling me—I who have reigned as a queen in Washington, and have held my own against all the belles of the East at the fashionable watering-places! I might have taken my pick out of a dozen—statesmen, railway kings, giants of the stock exchange, successful politicians of every grade, but for his sake and the memory of the old, happy days, long before I knew how bad this world really was, I have kept my faith—or at least kept my hand free. I will be honest with myself and not deny that I have allowed myself to love since then, but not as I loved him, and he has probably utterly forgotten me, but I'll make him remember though, or I am not the girl I think I am!" and Dianora smiled proudly as she gave utterance to her boast.

While the beautiful girl was indulging in these reflections quite a conversation had taken place within the shanty between the two partners.

Hallowell had rushed into the house, almost breathless in his haste.

He found Montana sitting upon an old cracker box gazing in a particularly gloomy manner up at the ceiling where the stove-pipe projected through the roof.

"By gol!" Hallowell exclaimed, excitedly, "she's a stunner!"

Montana made no reply; in fact, took no notice of the speech at all, still intently engaged in staring at the roof.

The persistent gaze attracted Hallowell's attention, and he looked up at the roof in order to see what it was that Montana surveyed so earnestly.

"What's the matter? What's broke up there? anything?"

"Nothing that I know of," Montana replied, placidly.

"But what are you looking at?"

"Nothing in particular."

"Why in thunder don't you pay attention then to a feller when he's a-talking to you?"

"I did pay attention," Montana said, quietly. "I heard what you said, but as I am not interested in stammers of any description, living, I did not feel called upon to make any reply."

"Well, now, I tell you, old man, she is jest—jest—" and Hallowell paused for want of a word.

"Colossal," suggested Montana, mildly.

"That's jest it, by gol!" exclaimed the big miner, in a state of high admiration. "Talk about that old heathen Venus; why, this splendiferous critter of a heifer could knock spots out of her!"

"Hallowell, my friend, you've got it bad!" Montana observed, in his quiet way.

"Well, I'll own up that the gal has rather taken me into camp!" Hallowell admitted, with a grin upon his good-natured features. "That leetle gal, Mercedes, is right nice, as a Southern feller would say, but this gal—why, she jest knocks the socks off of any gal I ever did see!"

"Well, go for her—win her—wed her—be happy—you have my consent—bless you, my children!" Montana ejaculated, with a sober face.

"Oh, git out with your fooling!" Hallowell cried. "Do you s'pose she'd look at a poor galoot like me, and they say her father, old Campbell, is jest rolling in wealth."

"I've seen the moon shine brighter on a puddle than on the ocean—" Montana began, but Hallowell unmercifully interrupted him.

"Oh, quit!" he cried; "by gol! I ain't a-going to be called a puddle by anybody. This Miss Campbell—"

"Of course."

"I thought that I recognized her."

"Oh, you know her then?"

"No."

"Seen her up-town, mebbe?"

"No."

"How in thunder did you know it was Miss Campbell, then?"

"Guessed that it was the lady by her dress," Montana exclaimed. "I heard that the honorable member from Tadpole Hollow had his daughter with him, and that she sported a whole dry-goods store on her person, to say nothing of a jewelry shop, and of course after that description it was as easy as rolling off a log to recognize her when she came up the valley."

"Well, old man, you're in luck! she wants to make your acquaintance."

Montana made a wry face.

"The deuce she does! Does she know that I am here?"

CHAPTER XXII.

FACE TO FACE.

"Know that you air here?" repeated Hallowell; "well, yes, I reckon that she does."

Montana fully looked the disgust he felt.

"What in thunder did you want to let her know for?"

"How could I help it when she axed me plump?"

"Why didn't you tell her that I had gone to China?"

"Too thin!" exclaimed the big miner.

"How so?"

"She see'd you go into the house! Oh! she's lightning, she is! Say, partner, she's the finest woman that I ever set eyes on—a-walking on top of this here earth!" The giant was enthusiastic.

"Mr. Jones?" questioned Dianora, rising with a charming smile and acknowledging the introduction.

Montana bowed, coldly and placidly.

"Yes, marm, Mr. Jones; though I guess he's much better known by the name of Montana round these here parts."

"I think that I have had the pleasure of meeting you before, Mr. Jones," Dianora said, in her sweetest tones.

Montana looked surprised and shook his head slowly.

"You do not remember me then?"

"No, Miss."

"And yet I am sure that we have met before," she persisted.

"I reckon not, Miss," Montana rejoined, coldly and calmly, while Hallowell looked on somewhat astonished at the conversation.

And then Dianora turned her bright eyes suddenly on the big miner.

"Mr. Hallowell," she said, "I trust that you will excuse me if I request the favor of a private interview with Mr. Jones?"

The charming smile which accompanied the words was altogether too much for the captivated Hallowell, and he really reddened with delight at being able to oblige the beautiful woman in this trifling way.

"Oh, certainly, marm; I've got a leetle business down the gulch and I kin attend to it now as well as any other time."

Miss Campbell bowed and smiled, and the honest-hearted miner hurried away, overjoyed at being able to render a service worth a "thank you," and yet a little annoyed that she should wish a private interview with Montana rather than with himself.

"Mebbe she thinks that she kin talk to him out of his idea of holding on to the mine," he muttered to himself, as he walked down the gulch; "and I reckon that she will twist him out of it, if anybody kin, but he's a dreadful feller about getting sot, and when he is sot, he's sot for good."

The tall form of the miner disappeared around the bend in the gulch.

Dianora Campbell looked to the north and then to the south.

No human, bird nor beast, in sight except the man and woman by the gulch clain.

"And now, once again," cried Dianora Campbell, "Mr. William Jones—Montana—or whatever else may be pleased to call yourself, we are face to face!"

(To be continued—commenced in No. 362.)

A WOMAN'S GIFT.

BY MARY REED.

You tell me that you love me now,
In tones so soft and sweet,
And ask me if I'll wed thee,
And loving vows repeat.

You offer me an honored name;
A palace home is thine;
Whilst I am but an humble maid—
An orphan's lot is mine.

But, you tell me I am lovely,
And you care naught for this;
While you whisper fondest praises,
And sign them with a kiss.

I do not love you for your wealth,
Nor yet for your worldly fame;
I love you for your upright heart—
Your fair, unblemished name.

But, when long years have passed away,
And furrows mar my brow,
Will you still speak in gentle tones,
And love me then, as now?

And oh! when cares and trials come,
And winds blow rough and cold,
Will you help smooth these cares away?
Will you love me when I'm old?

I cannot bring you worldly wealth,
No palace home nor land;
But I have for thee a richer gift—
A woman's heart and hand.

A Night of Terror.

BY JOS. E. BADGER, JR.

"HELP! HELP!"

Weird and wailing sounded the terrible appeal, borne upon the whistling wind through the heavily falling rain. Over the level, sodden marsh until the despairing cry was swallowed up by the growing storm. Over the rugged, rock-strewn ascent until, repelled by the frowning cliff above, the agonized shriek, weirdly distorted by the whirling, tossing tempest, came back to the ears of the one whose voice gave it utterance as though mocking her dire extremity.

Again the shriek was whirled by the fierce wind across the low bottom-land through which was doggedly plodding a dripping horse, whose head, like that of its rider, was bent low against the pelting rain and the cold, biting wind; nor did the appealing cry pass unheeded. The horse abruptly halted, and both heads were uplifted in eager listening. Their pause was not of long duration. Once more the terror-stricken voice rang out, this time with unmistakable distinctness.

"A woman—in trouble!" cried the traveler, striking his armed heels into the horse's flanks.

Miss Campbell was seated upon a boulder, busily engaged in tracing curious figures in the sand at her feet with the point of her parasol handle, and was apparently unconscious of the approach of the two miners.

"Gosh-all-freelock!" cried Hallowell, at the ear of Montana, as they came down the slope, "did you ever see a prettier woman than she is since the day you war knee-high to a grasshopper?"

"Did you ever see a rattlesnake winding in the grass of a sunny glade, every scale glistening in the warm light, every movement a curve of beauty?" Montana returned.

Hallowell stared; odd as were his partner's moods he had never known him to talk so strangely before.

And Dianora Campbell was a beauty indeed, as she sat so picturesquely poised upon the boulder. Few men in this world with souls so calloused by Old Father Time's searing hand as to be able to gaze without admiration upon the ripe charms of Dianora's glorious womanhood.

But, upon Montana's white and marble-like face no trace of appreciation could be discerned; he gazed upon the beautiful girl, so rich in her fresh young beauty, as coolly as though she was but a piece of stolid stone carved to the human form instead of being so rich in wealth of charms.

Attracted by the sound of the footsteps approaching the girl raised her head, a bright, beaming smile upon her beautiful features.

One used to Dianora and her ways would have said that she was doing her best to be fascinating.

"This is my partner, Miss Campbell," said Hallowell, introducing Montana with his best bow.

Twice it seemed as though he would stall, but then the edge of the customary bank gave way beneath him, and they were plunged headlong into the swiftly-whirling waters.

A low cry of despair broke from the girl's lips as her last hope seemed to vanish, but then she saw the horse and its rider reappear, head toward her, and gallantly breast the powerful current to regain the advantage lost by that unfortunate plunge. It was indeed a hard task, but the good horse proved equal to it, aided by the steady hand and encouraging voice of its master.

At last—it seemed an age—the pile was neared, and the young man shouted aloud the signal. With a blind faith, the maiden allowed the current to sweep her around the post, and in an instant was torn from her hold by the hungry waters. But a strong hand closed upon her arm and held her head above the surface; then—

A sharp cry broke from his lips as he again lifted his eyes. A huge dead-wood tree, with wide-spread branches was bearing swiftly down upon them—was within its own length before discovery, even less than the distance to the nearest shore. But one minute—one half-minute later—and the good horse would have borne them to safety. Gallantly he struggled—but in vain. Still swifter came the drift-almost grazing them as it swept along. Then, with an almost human cry, the horse whirled swiftly around and sunk beneath the turbulent waters. A sunken limb had struck his legs from under him.

Wisely the traveler had freed his feet from the stirrups, and though the struggles of his horse carried him under, he did not lose his grasp upon the girl's arm, and quickly fought his way to the surface. Tossing the dripping hair from his eyes, he took in the situation at a glance.

The furious current had swept them past the one practicable landing-place upon the nearest, or southern side of the stream. The northern bank no human being could have gained, at that point. By an abrupt bend in the river, the current swept across to the southern shore, beating fiercely against the rocky wall.

There was little time for thought. The man had just long enough to realize their peril, to change his position so that he might save the girl from the shock at his own expense, when the tumbling waters hurled them violently against the rock wall. Just how it was accomplished, the young man could never tell, but a few seconds later the young couple were crouching upon a narrow ledge of rock, almost blinded by the spray that dashed over them, only saved from being torn from their precarious foothold by the fierce wind that fairly pinned them to the wall.

The twilight was fast waning, but it lasted long enough for the young man to assure himself that there was no method of escape from the ledge save by plunging into the angry flood at their feet.

"Courage!" he said, pressing the little hand that clung to his arm. "At least our lives are saved."

"If the storm would only break! but if it keeps on, the river will rise and wash us away!"

"We must hope for the best. It cannot rise much higher, for it is already beginning to overflow the other bank."

"He could say no more. With renewed violence the wind dashed fiercely upon them, crushing them against the rocks with a force that took their breath away. Then came a sudden, whirling eddy that relieved the crushing pressure and caused them to totter upon the slippery ledge. For one horrible moment it seemed as though they must fall again into the merciless waves, to meet their death; but only for an instant. A second sharp gust forced them back once more against the wall.

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THEIR ALIMENTS.

"WHY, my dear Mrs. X., how delightful to meet you! Take this seat next me. You are just in time not to have to stand. How they do crowd these cars! And are you well? It is quite an age since I saw you. Why haven't you been more sociable?

"Been sick? Dear, dear, I'm so grieved to hear it! I should certainly have been to see you if I had heard of it; though, to tell the truth, I have not been at all well myself. But then, I never am; I'm so delicate—as Mr. W. says, the wind can scarcely blow upon me without completely prostrating me. You cannot imagine how I sympathize with you people when you are ill! I am such a martyr myself, I always feel a pang of pity when I hear of any other sufferer. But, you did not tell me what was the matter with you.

"Pneumonia! Oh! it is dreadful! I can assure you I know all about it. I am subject to it myself. I am so susceptible to every change of the weather; it always gives me some throat or lung trouble. Oh! no, I do not think my lungs are seriously affected; it is only, as I say, I am so delicate! I have to take the greatest care of myself. I feel often that it was not for poor dear Mr. W.'s sake I should not bear up under my sufferings as I do. I frequently tell him, men little know what martyrs we women are. You see, they cannot understand us. When I tell Mr. W. how weak I feel, he says I do not eat enough. Just as if a woman could eat like a man! I have such a delicate appetite; I never was a vulgar eater. And then, when I speak of my headaches, he says I ought to get more fresh air. You see he does not comprehend that I am so unlike other women, and cannot expose myself as some can. By the way, do you ever have any affection of the liver?

"Yes? Oh! then you must try Dr. Glib. Liver complaints are his specialty. I have had several physicians, but when I found my liver was troubling me I sent for Dr. Glib, and he is doing me a world of good. And, while I think of it, I must tell you an excellent remedy I have found for dyspepsia. You know I am a horrible victim to it. But lately, I have been trying white mustard seed. I take a tea of a pound of it a day—swallow it whole. I am sure it is excellent. Mrs. J. told me of it. I try all the remedies my friends suggest, in the hope of finding an effectual cure some day.

"Do I take plenty of exercise? Why, no; I

have so much sewing to do. Oh! we women are little appreciated by our husbands; we suffer and sew, suffer and sew, as I tell Mr. W.! But I am not one to complain. I never go around afflicting my friends, or my husband, with constant talking of my illness. I believe woman's lot is to suffer, and she should do so bravely, and with self-sacrificing silence. Now, there are my nerves!—Oh, do you get out here? Good-morning. Do come and see me soon."

THEIR CLOTHES.

"Mrs. A.! Is it possible! I cannot tell you how happy I am at meeting you! Been shopping? How envy you! I am going, and I assure you I dread it. It is such tedious work, it always takes so long to look at new goods and decide what one wants. Mr. W. says I just wear myself out shopping. It is too true, but, as I tell him, it must be done! I really think men are so foolish as to imagine we like shopping! Once or twice Mr. W. has purchased some sheeting or selected me a dress; but, dear me, he gives half a dollar more a yard for the silk, and two cents more for the muslin, than if I bought it myself! You see, he just goes in and asks for an article, and says cut off so many yards. He does not appreciate how much we save when we examine different goods, and spend time over our purchases. But, when I tell him, he says the extra time and strength saved is worth the money. Men know so little!

"You have been buying a new navy-blue silk, for spring? How elegant it will be! You always dress with such excellent taste! You shall have it made! With side plaitings and fringe! Oh! delightful! Now, I am going to have a gray silk; and I shall have bias folds, puffs, fringes, shirring, and scallops on the overskirt; knife-plaiting, velvet, French hems, and bows on the underskirt; and the basque is to be trimmed with fringe, velvet, plaiting, bows, and ruffles crocheted up the back. Will it not be divine? What shall you get for a hat? Why, here I am at Merchant & Co.'s. Good-morning. I'll run around and see your new silk and hat, next week."

THEIR NEIGHBORS.

"Well, I'm glad to sit down in a chair, Mr. W. You cannot conceive how utterly tired I am. I have been shopping all day, and feel as if I cannot hold up my head another minute. Bridget will have to wait upon you. I must drink a cup of tea or two, and get to bed. It just uses me up to travel in the cars and stages; oh, who do you suppose I met today? Mrs. X. She says she had the pneumonia; but I do not believe it was more than a trifling cold. She looked well enough. Some people are always making a fuss over their health, and complaining as if no one was ever ill but themselves, and get frightened if they have the snuffles. One would think they were afraid to die; and I should not wonder if Mrs. X. is. The way she treats that step-daughter of hers ought to give any woman a guilty conscience! I wonder Mr. X. allows it! The idea of making Nellie roll her baby around in a kindly spirit, for a kindly spirit does not know how to practice inquisitiveness.

the dead, in dollars and cents, as others. He did not stop there. He kinder wanted to know why we put the flag there—if we was in any way related, etc., etc. Oh, dear, but didn't I want to scratch that impudent fool's face! The impertinence was equally an insult and a shame, but stupid that he was, he didn't "see" it; and, alas! there are many others just like him in this world!

Then there are folks who like to drop in upon you just about meal time, to see if you live just the same every day as you do when you have company—may be to pry about and see if you haven't got a tid-bit of something good you have been saving for "your very selves," and which they would like to have a share of. Maybe they do such things at home themselves, and judge others by their own actions.

If a stranger makes his appearance in the village, what a consternation it causes! Who is he? Where did he come from? Who knows him? Do you suppose he has money? Has he run away from his wife? Has he come wife-hunting? "Can't, for the life of me, tell whether he's that feller that absconded from New York city, or the minister what preached down to the holler."

Why cannot people have something better to do than gratify their silly, inquisitive tastes? Our Maker meant us for something nobler, better, wiser and purer, and He never intended us to make Paul Pry's of ourselves.

It would be much more Christian like if we were as anxious to find out how much our neighbors suffered, and strived to relieve that suffering and ease their pains, to build up people's characters and not slander them. There are enough topics from which we can glean information, and we needn't stoop so low in the dirt as to look to see what a bright little flag is made of. Many will say, "How much poor Mrs. A. suffers! If she wouldn't think it iniquitous I'd really like to ask her how much money she needs, that I might relieve her." That is not inquisitiveness, if the question was asked in a kindly spirit, for a kindly spirit does not know how to practice inquisitiveness.

EVE LAWLESS.

Foolscap Papers.

A Letter of Recommendation.

THIS is to certify that the bearer of this letter, Mr. Solomon Skrudds, has for twenty years been acquainted with me, though never upon such intimate terms as to borrow money of me. People hold him in great esteem who love him, and he enjoys the confidence of those who confide in him. He is very trusty, as every storekeeper in town will tell you quickly, and with a sigh—a man who enjoys infinite trust—as well as anybody else, and his honesty is so far beyond question that people do not have to ask any question about it. You could trust him all his life, and would have to if he was unfortunate enough to get into jail. It just uses me up to travel in the cars and stages; oh, who do you suppose I met today? Mrs. X. She says she had the pneumonia; but I do not believe it was more than a trifling cold. She looked well enough. Some people are always making a fuss over their health, and complaining as if no one was ever ill but themselves, and get frightened if they have the snuffles. One would think they were afraid to die; and I should not wonder if Mrs. X. is. The way she treats that step-daughter of hers ought to give any woman a guilty conscience! I wonder Mr. X. allows it! The idea of making Nellie roll her baby around in a kindly spirit, for a kindly spirit does not know how to practice inquisitiveness.

The people in the community in which he lives and moves think, and justly, that there is no man like him, and I could never blame them. He has made himself what is, and he had an easy job of it.

His principles are strictly in conformity with his character, and nobody ever was disappointed in his actions who did not expect more of him.

He is very manly, having spent the greatest part of his life in practicing the manly art, so people brought into contact with him look upon this attainment with distinguished consideration, and even forget about themselves—until they are brought to it.

He never told a lie in his life—that was not to some purpose, and the truth in his mouth is as pliable as a lump of mush, and he can put it into any shape he pleases, and he has no equal in this particular line. You can always believe as much of what he tells you as you wish, and if you lose anything by it will be your own fault, and also your own loss. No one who never knew him and was not intimately acquainted with him, would ever brand him as a liar. People who know him never doubt what he says, because it is not worth while, and they have the utmost belief in him—whatever their partial belief may be, and it is asserted that he never wastes any truth, since it is so rare, and valuable; and no one would certainly dispute his word—because he weighs two hundred pounds, and generally gives his testimony with a good many oaths—although he is hardly necessary, and make his words no more binding.

He possesses no ostentatious pride, and is perfectly indifferent as to whether his hat has a rim, or the rim has a hat, and feels just as comfortable if his back has no coat, or his coat has no back. A hole in his elbow does not make him feel stuck up any more than his toes sticking out of his boots, and it is to his credit to say that he never affects the high-flown and aristocratic luxuries of handkerchief and soap.

It can truly be said of him that he treats everybody alike, so no one can complain of that, no matter how much they may complain of the treatment, and he would never cheat a poor man who had no money out of one cent.

He always keeps his promises, and so never promises to pay his debts, and I think so much of him that if he owed me a debt of ten dollars I would cheerfully tell him that I would give up the claim.

Integrity, if he has any of it, is just as good as anybody else's integrity.

I can say this in his favor, that, when he is constrained to be honest, there is no man in the town who can be more honest than he is, and I get no salary for saying this about him, any more than for the inquisitive being that he is.

The only inquisitive being that he is is the one who speaks six languages, and is very cultivated. She is now living on a little place on the Salzburg-Ichsi road with her husband. She has donned a peasant garb, and goes with him to the country church every Sunday.

The artificial hatching of eggs has been carried on for hundreds of years by the Egyptians and the Chinese. There is not the slightest difficulty in doing it if the requisite attention is given.

The only trouble is in regaining the heat, and this is now done by a very effective device arrangement by which the flame of the lamp which heats the machine is turned up or down when necessary. This incubator is in use successfully, and was awarded a first premium at the Centennial.

Rev. Mr. Murry, of Boston, was asked by a school boy what the chariots of Biblical times were like. He replied: "They were a good deal like horse-cars, but more elegant at least. We never rode in them, had to ride standing. They had other resemblances. They had no springs. They often got off the track, and the men who were inside had straps to hold on to to keep them from bumping out. And they had to hold on, too."

He is a very considerate man, and never in all his life had anything against another person harder than his fist.

The general goodness of this man cannot be computed, and Arithmetic is puzzled himself: figures are entirely too large, and all the naughts in the book would fall short.

His wife thinks he is the only husband she has ever had, and the people coincide in the opinion.

He has always been a father to his children, and an uncle to his nephews, and there is one in this town who would for a moment think otherwise.

He has made every effort to rise, and we have frequently seen him making such efforts to rise that they were deserving of all success, but as soon as he got up on his knees he would go over again, but it was muddy and very wet, so he did not hurt himself.

He is strictly temperate, that is to say, he seldom drinks much more than he can swallow. One glass is as much as he drinks at one time, and he does not take the next one until after that. You could leave him in a room with a barrel of whisky all night, and in the morning the barrel would be there.

A man with all these qualifications should certainly find an opening in any town to which he should go, and any encouragement which philanthropic hearts could bestow would materially assist a man who, if he was half as rich as he is poor, would be worth more than he is to-day.

Very respectfully,
WASHINGTON WHITEHORN.

Readers and Contributors.

Accepted: "Old Arkansas' Russ"; "A Border Heroine"; "The Rejected Address"; "Lou of the Bright Blue Eye"; "How She Won"; "The Amethyst Ring"; "Stealing Her Own"; "Instead of a Lover"; "All in the Family."

Declined: "Legend of the Water Gap"; "A Red-headed Girl"; "A New Idea"; "Peterborough, His Mortal"; "A Dog Crew"; "The First Spring Pipe"; "Was It a Lie?"

JESSIE E. We never "endorse" any advertisement. Your own judge.

WILLY. You can obtain papers always by calling at this office.

CHAD. See Beadle's Dime Base Ball Guide for this year.

JENNIE. Make the application in person, showing the recommends, but don't beg for a place.

ANDY. If the lady will not wear the bracelet, take it back, of course, and ask no questions.

J.A.H. Lay the matter before the New York post-office authorities. They will look into the case.

COIN. Write to Sabin, bookseller, Nassau street, New York, or American News Co. We don't know price.

CHARLEY, N. Y. Write to the clerk of the county in which the land lies. It would be strange if there were no taxes on it.

MRS. L. A. D. Sketch not available. We have no record of answer or return of MS.

ADMIRAL. There are naval rendezvous for enlisted men at the several U. S. navy yards. Your chance, in all probability, is an ordinary enlistment.

JOSIE LANE. *Dum spiro spero* means "While I breathe I hope." We should say it was an excellent motto for an admirer to pen in a book he is about to present to his sweetheart. But, what is she that does not like its meaning, either?

Mrs. V. D. Ingoldsby's "Finger-hands" are used at private tables. Yes, occasionally at ceremonious breakfasts and dinners; but, ordinarily, they are confined to restaurants where guests cannot immediately resort to the conveniences of a dressing-room and do not desire to draw their gloves upon sticky fingers.

A. M. writing in reference to a continuance of his paper adds: "I expect you think it a little soft in my old fellow of over 60 to be fond of story reading. If so, I can't help it. It's a great comfort to me to be able to read stories, and I would be denied the mental pleasure a good story always inspires. No, old friend; you have well earned a right to the comfort of entertaining reading, and let us hope you will be able to command it."

DAN E. A. The larger the tree, the larger the roots which it has, and the larger the roots the less room it has to be bent. Then there is plenty of fibrous roots will grow ready to spread if one cuts off a tree to live and flourish which is destitute of these little fibers. Take two or three year old trees, therefore, in preference to those larger ones, if you wish for the best success in transplanting.

DAN DEWEY asks: "Can you tell me of some effective remedy for warts? I am greatly troubled with them, daily, in cold water, adding a small quantity of liquid ammonia to the water used upon the hands and feet. This will prove an excellent remedy. Also, prepare yourself a bathing-powder,

BARNEY'S WOOING.

BY ANDREW RYAN.

Arrah! Kitty, be aisy!
Sure yer drivin' me crazy
Wid those dimples and smiles, and those
bright eyes so blue;
Now thin, faith it's so charmin'
But, thin, faith it's so charmin'
That I coort the disease, Miss, in comin' to
you!

Whist, now! Sister Mavourneen!
At the end av the boreen
There's a nate little cabin, all painted so
white;
But it's within, sure, it lacks
What I am about now to ax,
For to make the inside av it happy and
bright.

And now, Kitty, what's missin'
Is lips to be kissin'—
Is light feet to go patheerin' over the hearth—
Is a form nate and pritty,
(Pay attention, Miss Kitty!)
And a voice that will always be ringin' wid
mirth.

So, you surprised very much
That I don't find any such?
Ye little witch! sure ye know well me
maning.
Ah, now, ye rogue, don't ye pour!
I know well what yer about:
That's always yer way whin yer up to some
schemin'.

Now the girl that I'm after,
Sure is chokin' wid laughter
This minnit. But show it? No, no! That
wouldn't do!

Wid her coosin' and t'azin',
She has set me heart blazin'
And that same cruel bein', Miss Kitty, is
yon.

What's that now? Ye refuse me!
Because I oabuse ye.
Ye will never look at me ag'in, do I hear?
Truth, I do, and I'm goin'
Where the swift tide is flowin'
And hide all my troubles. So good-by, Kitty
dear!

There already ye've broken
The promise we've jest spoken—
Ye've breaked me, Kitty! Break the rast
now, as well!

If ye don't, be the powers,
In sunshine or in showers
My poor ghost will forever yet cruelly tell!

Yes! I're sure, little beauty.
That ye think it yer duty
To save any poor mortal from death and de-

(But to show that I know her,
Let me add, somewhat lower:
That I think, faith, her duty is aisy to bear!)

Great Captains.

BRUCE,

THE DELIVERER OF SCOTLAND.

BY DR. LOUIS LEGRAND.

If in Wallace liberty found her most devoted champion, in Robert Bruce she had a worthy successor to the murdered knight, whose mutilated limbs, hung high in Scottish towns, were the bloody ensigns that recalled the Scots to arms and made Bruce's advancement possible.

Robert Bruce was grandson of the Robert Bruce who, as descendant of King David, strove to succeed Alexander III. to the throne of Scotland. As already narrated in the sketch of Wallace, King Edward of England was made to arbitrate between the claims of John Balliol, Robert Bruce, John de Hastings and John Comyn, (Comyn). Edward arbitrated by favoring Balliol and holding him prisoner in London while the English overran Scotland and finally conquered it. In the discussion which arose among the Scottish nobles and magnates, Bruce the elder opposed rebellion, and took service, with his retainers, under Edward—thus being opposed to Wallace; and legend relates that, after the defeat of the patriots at Falkirk and their dispersion, Bruce and Wallace held an interview across the river Carron, in which the later so upbraided the former and so filled him with remorse, that Bruce promised thenceforward to be true to Scotland and liberty. But, whatever the cause, it is certain that the Bruces, at immense sacrifice, threw all their influence and power thereafter into the cause of freeing Scotland from the English yoke; and when Edward administered the blow to the "rebellion" which placed Scotland once more at his feet, he returned to London, (A. D. 1305), with John Comyn and Robert Bruce the younger in his train as prisoners and dependants on his mercy, while Wallace was being hunted down and betrayed. Comyn, soon released, returned to Scotland, but Bruce was forbidden to leave London.

The conqueror's victory was short lived. Bruce, (born March 21st, 1274), now in the prime of life and of matured character, already had plotted with Comyn. By agreement the latter was to accept all of Bruce's estates, and for them to resign all claims to the throne, as well as to support him in his efforts to attain the crown and throw off the English yoke. But with perfidious treachery, Comyn betrayed to Edward, by a secret agent, the designs for a new rebellion; and the English monarch then resolved to murder the whole Bruce family. Drinking deeply one night, Edward informed some of his lords that he proposed to put Bruce to death on the morrow. Immediately the Earl of Gloucester conveyed the announcement to Bruce by a present of twelve pence and a pair of spurs, an understood signal, which the Scotch noble acted upon to ride for life for Scotland. Taking his horse to the farrier, he had the shoes on the hoofs reversed, as a slight fall of snow would make it easy to track him; this ruse so misled his pursuers that he succeeded in obtaining such advantage at the start as to assure his safety. Then with his secretary and groom he rode a hard race for the North, and on the seventh day after leaving London arrived at Lochmaben Castle and thence proceeded to Dumfries, where he assembled the leading nobles and declared his purpose to assume the crown and strike again for Scotland's liberty. Comyn was present and opposed the scheme but the barons approved and the assembly broke up, leaving Bruce and Comyn in conference. The rivals had high words as they wandered through the cloisters of the Abbey, where the conference had been held, and in the altercation Bruce ran his would-be betrayer through the body with his sword.

This assassination excited intense commotion. Comyn's friends were openly hostile to Bruce; some of the barons preferred submission to Edward to war, and Bruce's friends, seeing the necessity for prompt action, had him crowned at Scone, March 23rd, 1306—the wife of Macduff, Earl of Fife, placing the crown on his head.

Then followed war. Edward sent an army under Fembroke, immediately, into Scotland. The first battle was fought at Methven, near Perth, and Bruce was utterly defeated. He fought with astonishing valor, three horses were killed under him and twice he was overpowered and seized by the English but as often

was rescued by his valorous attendants. The defeat became a rout, and that seemed to end the ambitious designs and hopes of the new made king. Great numbers of the Scots were hung and quartered, while others were sent as state prisoners to London. Bruce fled North into Ayrshire, and crossed Lochlomond, in a crazy boat, to the exiled Earl of Lenox' estates. The old earl, then first apprised of what had happened, embraced the cause of Bruce and together they eventually escaped to Rachim, a small island on the Irish coast, where his followers, fleeing from Edward's dire vengeance, slowly gathered.

Edward in person quickly entered Scotland, resolved now so to subjugate it, and so to punish the rebellious families as to forever end all rebellion. He acted with extreme cruelty. All who were suspected of complicity with Bruce, or who were known to be in sympathy with his cause, were executed as soon as taken—among the number two of Bruce's brothers, and John Wallace, brother of the martyred Sir William. Bruce's wife and other noble relatives were captured and closely imprisoned in various places.

These atrocities fired Bruce and his remaining devoted followers with fierce resentment. A detachment passed over to the isle of Arran and captured and slaughtered every man of its garrison. Then Bruce followed to Arran and Carrick, joined by the hardy Scots in considerable numbers when his presence was known. Sir James Douglas captured his own castle from the English, and taking from it all its stores, arms and money, put it to the flames. Even the severity of winter, (1306-7), did not stay the work of vengeance. Bruce's men were everywhere on the alert and so gained in strength that he defeated two English armies during 1307, and thus greatly advanced his cause.

Bruce, suffering from illness, had been compelled to return to London for a season, but his power and resolute spirit, incensed at the defeat of Fembroke and Ralph de Montferrand, he started again for the North, but died (A. D. 1307) near Carlisle. With his last breath he ordered that his body should be borne with the army into Scotland, never to be buried until the country was totally subdued, but his son Edward II. had the body sent to London where he pressed on into Scotland.

Edward II. was a weak and vacillating prince, wholly unlike his more hardened father, whose death gave new strength to Bruce. The English and Scots fought numerous battles and a great victory to the latter was won May 22, 1308—Bruce then being so ill that he had to be held on his horse. This only added to the Scots' enthusiasm, and Bruce now began to proceed against the castles thickly scattered over all central and southern Scotland, held by English garrisons or by Scotch barons who had remained true to Edward's allegiance, and who having sworn fealty would not break it, or be inimical to Bruce's assumptions, would not admit his authority. Indeed, these barons were his hardest enemies to conquer, for in fighting them he fought his own countrymen. But he had no recourse, and struck terrible blows wherever an enemy opposed.

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Edward, deposed early in the year 1327, was

succeeded by his son Edward III., a youth of fifteen, who continued negotiations for a permanent peace; but the Scots for some reason broke the truce, and with an army of 20,000 under Douglas and Randolph, invaded England (June, 1327).

Edward gathered 30,000 men at Durham, in July, but that did not stay the devastating Scots, who destroyed as they moved. Edward sought to interrupt them at the passage of the Tyne, on their return, but, after an exhausting campaign of three weeks, he found himself completely outwitted and baffled by his audacious foe, who, after having inflicted on him two or three humiliating chastisements, suddenly retreated and left him helpless to pursue.

Edward was finally forced into a peace that conceded all the Scots' demands of utter independence, and also stipulated the marriage of Edward's sister with Bruce's oldest but then infant son David, and this marriage was celebrated July 12, 1328.

Bruce survived until June 7, 1329, when he died, literally worn out with war. He left Scotland a well-ordered kingdom, wholly tree from foreign supremacy and rapidly recovering from the effects of its twenty years' war.

Bruce stands foremost in the history of those turbulent times as one of the most renowned characters of medieval days. His heart he ordered should be deposited in the Holy Sepulcher at Jerusalem, and the knightly Douglas with a fine retinue, started to bear it to its destination; but, stopping in Spain to fight the Moors, he was slain in a bloody encounter on the frontiers of Andalusia, 1330. In him perished a remarkable soldier and one of the most dauntless spirits of the age of chivalry.

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Bruce stands foremost in the history of those turbulent times as one of the most renowned characters of medieval days. His heart he ordered should be deposited in the

jail. Down in Moya. Took up for smuggling out of the Custom House."

Sick at heart on hearing this sudden confirmation of her worst fears, Jennie staggered back to her chair, seating herself heavily, as if a great weight had been laid upon her shoulders.

Will looked on in unwholesome surprise, a faint smile spreading through his brain that he had gone too far. The mysteries of the female heart were an unsolved problem to him, and he had not dreamed that he might be touching exposed nerves with his rude remarks. A revelation came upon him as he saw her sink back, pale and helpless, in her chair.

"Why, Jennie," he cried, with a show of emotion, "I hope I haven't hurt your feelin's! Didn't calculate that you keered that much for the man. Don't be so worried. Guess he'll come out all right."

"Is it really so?" she asked, in a low, frightened tone. "Is he really in prison?"

"Yes," said Will. "But he won't stay there, so don't you worry. We'll get him out. I'll go but for him myself."

She smiled easily at Will's idea of going bail.

"Now hold your head up, Jennie," said Will, putting his arm round her with a movement of boyish sympathy. "It's a pity I hadn't better sense, a feller that's been around like me. But I've been kicked up among boys. Dumno much about girls."

"There, Will, I do not blame you," she said, rising with a proud gesture, as if she had thrown off all weakness. "He is innocent. I know that. It is not possible that innocence can suffer the penalty of guilt."

"I know he is, and I'll clear him. Just leave it to me."

"Why, how will you do that?" she doubtfully asked.

"Think I've got my eye on the chap that's been goin' through Mr. Leonard. Got the trap set, but it ain't sprung yet. Think I'll catch an old fox in a tight trap."

"Is that so, Will?" Miss Arlington eagerly asked. "Whom do you suspect?"

"Never mind now," was Will's mysterious answer. "There's more than one in it. Been spotting them for some time. Bet I bring them up with a half-hitch."

"Does Mr. Leonard know of your suspic?"

"Not he. Nor nobody else 'cept Willful Will. That's not the way I carry on business. When I take a job in hand I don't want no pards. I know they're not notion that I'm mixed in it myself, and I know who set up that job. If I didn't prove him a liar, it's queer."

"You will? They don't suspect you of being leagued with the robbers?"

"Think they do, but they've got the wrong cow by the horns. Don't you worry about John Elkton. There won't no harm come to him. Didn't know you was so tied up in him. I wouldn't joke about him the way I did."

"Why, Will, you weren't making love in earnest then?" she said, with a look of concern.

"Now you know I wasn't, Jennie; so don't be poking fun at me. When I make love in earnest I'll go a different way about it."

"I would like to by."

"Hope you won't, but I ain't in love with you. Like I say, though, Jannie first-rate. There's somethin' keeps pullin' me to you. Guess it's 'cause you look like me. Anyhow, I'm goin' to take John Elkton out of jail, or it'll be queer."

"I hope you may be able," she said, seriously.

Will's confident manner gave her hope despite her better judgment.

"I never said a thing I didn't do, and I won't go back on this," said Will, with an earnest and assured air that gave her new hope.

The boy was energetic, honest, and shrewd, and his early life might have given him much experience of the criminal classes. He might then not be talking without warrant, and she felt herself leaning with great faith upon his promise.

"Guess I'd better be going now," said Will.

"My time's about up."

In ten minutes more, his errand completed, he was on his way back to the store.

"Mighty nice gal. Ain't many like her," he said to himself. "I'm just the feller to do what I can for her. Hope John Elkton ain't mixed with the gang. Don't think he is. Seen him the other day, and he's got an honest man's face. That goes for a good deal these days."

CHAPTER XV.

WILL VISITS MR. SOMERS.

"I WOULD have preferred to have kept this matter quiet," said Mr. Fitter, the officer. "But that cannot be done now. The robbery of the cloths is public property, and the arrest of John Elkton has made the affair of the silks as public."

"And he still refuses to tell where he got the piece which he gave my ward?" asked Mr. Leonard, anxiously.

"Yes. We cannot get a word from him about it."

"That has a very suspicious look," said Mr. Wilson. "The man could have no object in screening robbers unless he hopes to save himself by it."

"He won't save himself," said the officer, sharply. "It looks more like the old principle of honor among thieves."

"And you have no other trace?" asked Mr. Leonard.

"Nothing as yet. The rogues have covered up their track well."

"You still think it is some one in the store?"

Asked Wilson.

"The work could not have been done without an accomplice here. Have you gained any new ideas about it?"

"I am still more doubtful about that boy," said Wilson. "There has been a suspicious-looking old man here to see him."

"Ah!" said Mr. Fitter, interested. "Was he known, or was my fitter made to follow him?"

"No. I was not here."

"If he comes again he must be spotted. I don't believe that boy is implicated, but we cannot afford to trust anybody."

"Why not? I'll give the boy then?" suggested Mr. Somers. "His prices of resort and associates could be known."

"A good idea," replied the officer. "I will put it in practice."

"You had beat arrest and examine him," said Mr. Wilson. "The truth may be frightened out of him."

"Frighten him?" cried the officer. "Frighten that boy? I see you don't know him yet. Our only hope is to take him unaware. All the magistrates in the land could not make him tell what he was not disposed to."

"I think you are right," said Mr. Leonard. "He may be coaxed. There is no driving him."

"Anyhow I'll do it," said Mr. Fitter.

"How about the investigation of your books?" asked Mr. Fitter.

"Did you trace any loss?"

"Yes. There has evidently been robberies committed before. Three or four at least. Perhaps a dozen."

"Ah! That is important. Running how long?"

"Over a year."

"That changes the aspect of things. Have all your employees been with you that long?"

"All except Will."

"That fact seems to clear Will. There will be no harm in watching him, though. I suppose you have received hundreds of invoices in that time?"

"Yes."

"Then the robbers are choice in their operations. They don't make a raid on every invoice. I judge that from this lot you expect now not to be disturbed, even if there had been no discovery."

"I quite agree with you there," said Mr. Wil-

son. "They will wait till our vigilance is relaxed."

Mr. Fitter leaned back in his chair, looking closely at Wilson as he spoke.

This intent observation of persons was a habit of his. It seemed to be called forth now by Mr. Wilson's decided settling of how the thieves would act. His tone had been very positive.

"I guess it is very likely you are right," said the officer, carelessly.

They were interrupted by the opening of the door, and the abrupt entrance of Will into the room.

He laid a small package on the table.

"Mr. Thompson says that's all correct," he said, nodding familiarly to the officer.

"Very well," answered Mr. Leonard.

"He wants to know what's more, what stuff you feed your passengers on, that makes them so skipper of the tongue."

"I have been giving him some impudence," Will said.

"Not a bit. I never give impudence," said Will indignantly. "I just wakened some of them up a trifle. They was loafing over other things, you see, and keeping me waiting. Now that weren't my idee of bizness, and I didn't stop long to say so."

"What did you say to them?" asked Wilson.

"I told them that if they thought I was goin' to hang round cooling my shin waitin' on them, they'd spent their money for the wrong monkey, that was all. But I didn't give no impudence."

"You came very near it then," said Wilson.

"I've got some of my own to lend to. Anything against my gettin' off early?" asked Will.

"Not you can go," said Mr. Leonard.

"That's clever. Want to call on my uncle," replied Will, with an odd look, as he left the room.

"There is some hidden meaning in that last remark," said the officer, rising. "Very likely he may be going to call on the old man you speak of. I think I will track him and learn what this individual is."

Will was not twenty steps from the door before the eyes of the shrewd officer were on him. Unconscious of espionage he hurried in a rapid manner through the streets, giving Mr. Fitter some trouble to keep him in sight.

He stopped at length on the doorstep of one of the fine old houses out Arch street, and boldly rung the bell.

"Wonder what the deuce he wants there?" asked the officer. "It is a queer place for a young reprobate like him to be visiting. Not much like the house of a burglar, that's sure."

It was more than an hour before Will reappeared. He went now straight to his home in a very different quarter of the city, leaving the officer full of wonder that a boy like Will could have detained him so long in an Arch street residence.

"I beg your pardon, madam, but will you be good enough to step aside with me for a moment; I have something to say which I fear to say too abruptly to Mrs. Valrose."

The young lady hearing these words slowly and calmly spoken in most delicate tone and accents, and looking round hastily to perceive at her elbow the vailed figure which she had observed with some curiosity among the throng, nodded her consent with instant intuition of the necessity of avoiding Mrs. Valrose's attention; and Cordelia moved away, screening herself behind a fountain with its profusion of tropical foliage towering up in the midst. Miss De Forest made a few more remarks to her friend, casting about in her mind for an excuse to leave her; then Madeline, raising her eyes suddenly, perceived the people all rushing in one direction, and stood up in quick alarm, gazing at the point of interest, where several gentlemen seemed to be bending over a prostrate form. Turning to utter her surprise to Miss De Forest, she found her alone. Wondering and rather uneasy, Madeline resented herself, shrinking a little from the uncircumstantial contact of those who rushed now from all directions to the scene of interest. Meanwhile Cordelia and Miss De Forest were standing face to face on the other side of the fountain, Miss De Forest having traced through on this occasion; for it was impossible to place the now almost frenzied Kercheval in the same vehicle with his senseless victim, and quite as bewildering to decide on which of the pair most required Berthold's attendance. He put an end to the matter by hiring an athletic young gentleman who had been especially helpful in overpowering the supposed madman to accompany him, while he himself accompanied to Mrs. Valrose, and possessed of some tact. She had no sooner got her out of her mother's sight than she flung up her veil, and presenting her brilliantly beautiful countenance to the young lady's astonished gaze, said:

"You remember Cordelia, don't you, Edith? Mamma thinks me dead, but I escaped; now, how am I to let mamma know without exciting her dangerously?"

"Cordelia!" gasped Edith De Forest, looking ready to swoon. "My goodness gracious! How did you—when—oh, mercy! Am I awake?"

"It is all the master's doing," said Cordelia, seizing on Edith's hands and pulling her nearer, that she might both feel and see that she was actual flesh and blood.

Cordelia reassured her in a few earnest words, and then brought her face to face with the grave exigencies of the case.

"Don't ask anything more," she implored.

"Help me to make myself known to mamma."

"Stay here until I call you. I shall prepare her as well as I can," said Miss De Forest, hurrying away.

A minute afterward she reappeared, looking terribly anxious.

"I have done my best," she said. "I have hinted as near the truth as I dared, but I warn't that I don't believe she has comprehended my meaning. She is full of that accident, or whatever it is, over there, and actually fears something has happened to the colonel. Come at once, or she'll be in the midst of the mob."

The tramp repeated his blow, felling the gentleman to the ground.

Berthold stood by speechless, unnerved; this outrage taken place anywhere but under the eyes of Cordelia, his almost omnivorous master would have ended it ere an eye had turned that way, but with the consciousness that she was looking down on this awful punishment of the man whom she had loved enough to purchase his life with her own.

She, the tender, the exquisite—she for whose sweet sake Herman Berthold was now willing to give up his own life—for once he was helpless, shorn of all his strength, and stunned to find it so. Useless as any of the rest of the bystanders, who were now crowding around the singular pair, he stood looking on, now at the ancient friends, now at Cordelia, from whose wild face the veil had dropped, and who leaned far over the balcony rail, her arms convulsively reaching toward her beloved Colonel Valrose and the terrible creature in whom she had instantly, with awful precision, recognized her father, Jonas Kercheval.

All that has been narrated of this scene passed in an inconceivably short space of time, so that the spectators had hardly time to take in the fact that a tramp had struck a gentleman in the face, covering it with blood, when the gentleman was striding up to his insulter, his two delicately-gloved hands stretched out in earnest kindness to clasp the rough, browned, fleshless claws which were rubbing each other in open triumph; the next movement wrung a cry of outraged indignation from all, accompanied by a thrilling shriek from the lady in the rustic arbor.

The tramp repeated his blow, felling the gentleman to the ground.

Berthold awoke. It was time. She was among them on her knees beside the senseless colonel.

"The man is mad, secure him! I shall attend to him," he flung to those who were already endeavoring to overpower Kercheval, who struggled and tore with superhuman strength; then he bent over Cordelia, saying in a rushing half whisper in her ear:

"For your mother's sake, who has not yet seen this, control yourself; he is only stunned, not seriously injured. I shall see that he is well cared for. Go to your mother, and hide them from her."

He was wise to appeal to the devoted daughter's care for either one of her parents. She heard his adjuration amid all the hurry and horror of her emotions, and comprehended what he had said.

Perhaps no other voice on earth could have reached her then; but did, and for a reason so wildly startling and unexpected that the girl sprang to her feet and seized the German with the grip of a drowning person. In his desperate anxiety, his tone, his accent, his very accompanying gesture, (grasping his arm midway between the shoulder and the elbow), had unwittingly reproduced the voice and gesture of that occasion, when, in the Arabian Desert, he had impressed upon her in the farewell, to have courage in her darkest hour!

"For God's sake," she gasped, also, in his ear, for the music was pealing on like destiny through all the tragedy, "WHO ARE YOU? Have I met you before?"

"Oh, drop that!" cried Will, impatiently.

"I have taken a fancy to you aside from that." You are living in splendor and ignorance. I am wealthy and alone. What hinders me from taking you into my house, and giving you the advantages of which fortune has deprived you? I know you will amply repay my care."

"There's one thing hinders," said Will, dryly.

"I see no hindrance. What is it?"

"It's only that I ain't in the notion of oeing too much and done for. I've hoed my own row so far, and guess I'll keep it up."

"Sit down a minute," said the old man, decisively. "I wish to have some further conversation with you. I owe you a debt which is not repaid."

"That's a bad bizness," said Will, looking sympathetically at the poor boy so poorly expressed.

"They were stolen from me by an enemy, an old vagrant who had a fancied injury to revenge, I have sought them in vain ever since. I fear I shall never find them."

"And the old vagabond?"

"He is dead. His secret perished with him."

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no mercy; he sat there looking in the face of his judge and executioner with that half paralyzed look we cast on Death, the Inevitable, as he approaches.

At length he collected himself, picturing the position as it was, with the one open door of reparation through an eternal farewell to Madeline, and justice to Margaret. Writhing under the humiliation of self nearly as much as under the anguish of the parting, he paled about, sick at heart. Then a sudden thought of Cordelia came to him; Cordelia whose unsuspecting love of him as her father had galled and mocked him so long, until she, learning the truth, had chosen to part even from him whom she so adored rather than to remain with him knowing it; should he be less brave than she? She had of her own free will relinquished her home-life just when it became worth the living; should he, the wrong doer, shrink?

"Act you say, sir," said he, turning resolutely to his counselor; "very good, I shall act. Where is poor Kercheval? Let me see him."

"It is scarcely safe," said Herman, "his troubles have crazed him; I fear he will never recognize you again."

"Let me see him," muttered Valrose, chokingly. "Once he loved me like a brother, alas! It could only be madness that would turn him against me."

Berthold stepped into his bedroom. The unfortunate lay sleeping, with a smile upon his attenuated features; Valrose followed close at his heels, and bending over the wreck of his boyhood's friend, gazed long and mournfully upon it.

Hours afterward Jonas awoke. The German still lingered near, anxiously watching. Valrose was seated close to his pillow. Jonas looked wildly around, raising himself to his elbow. His excitement had been dissipated by his lengthened slumber. For the moment he was himself, in full possession of his reason.

Up he sprung, the last idea of his lucid moments recurring to him as the first on their return.

"Aha!" he cried, with reckless triumph, "have I found you, traitor?" Another moment and Berthold's steel-strong hand was on him, his compelling eyes forcing his to meet and read them.

"This is a mistake," he said, firmly. "Victor Valrose has had naught to do with your misfortunes; they have been but the natural and inevitable outcome of your own error. You have already insulted him; come shake hands!" This curt yet comprehensive explanation arrested him. He listened attentively, his dulled faculties slowly puzzling out the meaning; then he looked from the resolute face of the German to Valrose's distressed one, with piteous wonder and pain.

"What was it, then?" he began feebly to ask; but Valrose took his thin hand between his, and with a single imploring glance sent the German out of the room. What these two said to each other is not for alien ears to overhear. In a moment of temptation two erring hearts had conspired together to the commission of a great sin; both had reaped, of this sowing of the wind, a terrible harvest of the whirlwind. Valrose in his life-long rejection of an innocent's love, whom he all the while adored, and in the loss of her at last; Jonas in those immeasurable losses and crosses which had environed every step of his life-path, ever since he had brought to a dishonored home the woman for whose sake he had sold his soul.

For these men were not mere worthless reprobates, whom God would leave to their own devices in wrath and disgust; but men of innate principle, whose ardent affections had led them astray; whom God had for a little while suffered to sin and to bear that sin's sorrow, that He might in the end bring them back, dear prodigal sons to His loving heart; forgiven and purged.

And the instrument of this, His high purpose, had been the very man, who, in the pride of his intellect, had laughed at a God and His Providence; had chosen to take the threads of the web of these men's lives into His poor, mortal hand, supposing he could weave the noble pattern well; what thought he now, when a Mightier Hand thus caught from his bungling fingers this wisp of confusion, and casting aside the knots and tangles of self-interest, human pride, and presumptuous worldly wisdom, produced a web, beautiful as only Omnipotence can design!

Herbert Berthold had sought to force these puppets of his game of Life into the right path through their various self-interests: God showed him by their acts, one by one, that conscience, where the soul acknowledges a God, is stronger than any self-interest; and one by one they have turned into the right path for pure Right's sake, to their own heart-breaking and temporal ruin.

"Do right, though the heavens should fall!" Noble motto, nobly acted out to-day!

When Valrose joined his strange host and counselor, he was very pale and hirsute, but a singular irradiation had taken the place of the haughty, courtly grace which was the customary expression of his still handsome features.

In a few words he imparted the result of the interview. Herman felt his very soul shaken by the quiet heroism with which he announced it.

"Jonas tells me that Margaret already believes him dead; that mercifully softens the blow which I have to deal her in returning to her alive after all these years. My poor Madeline is not so fortunate; I must leave her without explanation, hiding myself from her loving search as I can, for a life long suspense and hope would be less terrible to her than to learn the truth. But God has been very good to me, also; He has restored Cordelia to her mother in time to soften the bitterness of my sudden loss. Cordelia knows all; she will do all for the best. We have resolved that, after I have made humble provision for my wronged Madeline and her daughter, Jonas possessing nothing to bestow upon her, and sinking fast, I shall return to Margaret, confess all, except that Jonas still lives, and secure my property to her and to my real daughter Anne, and leave it to Margaret's choice whether we live together or separately. I must do this at once. Only one favor I must beg of you, who have so mysteriously entangled yourself with our lives; that you conduct me to my noble Cordelia for one short interview, that I may, for the first and last time, show her how I love and thank her for all she has done for me."

With a speechless gesture of assent Berthold went forth.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 355.)

WHEN a dog barks at night in Japan the owner is arrested and sentenced to work a year for the neighbors that were disturbed. The dogs get off easier, being simply killed.

Winning Ways;

OR,

KITTY ATHERTON'S HEART.

BY MARGARET BLOUNT.

CHAPTER XXIII.

"Alas! that love was not too strong
For maiden shame and only pride.
Alas! that they delayed so long,
The goal of mutual bliss beside.

"Yet what no chance could then reveal,
But that we should be first to win,
Let fate and courage now conceal
Where truth could bring remorse alone."

R. MONCKTON MILNES.

THE "Growlery" had many a pleasant nook and corner, within and without; but one of the pleasantest, at least to Miss Marchmont's eye, was an old summer-house, half hidden with ivy, that was perched, like a bird-cage, upon the southern garden wall. There was nothing, it would seem, to recommend it to a lady's taste; and yet, in the soft sunshine of that autumn day, when the birds were singing among the elms, the rooks cawing around their nests, and the swallows darting in and out of the ivy that covered the front of the building—how pleasant a place it seemed, with its loose board floors and open front, through which a charming prospect of hill and valley, and calm blue sky and river, met her lifted eyes!

Miss Marchmont's seat was in an old, worn-out chaise-longue, stowed there by some careful hand, and furnished by her own with cushion and footstool, whereto to lounge, with book or pencil in hand.

Born with an artistic eye and taste, though unable to reproduce the creatures of her fancy, she often, in her solitude, painted, mentally, the most glowing landscapes, the sunniest, clearest skies, the most impassioned and beautiful faces. And now a face, both beautiful and beloved, was on the spiritual canvas; a few more spirited touches, a more decided curve to the handsome lips, and a deeper, heavenlier blue within the glorious eyes, and it would be complete. The face of one whom she had met only a few weeks before, whose voice, whose smile, had taken her back to the days of her childhood again.

He was a member of her own family, of whom she had heard much, and thought and dreamed far more. His sphere was an active and useful one—his life so pure, and holy, and unselfish, that its relation served to awaken the deepest admiration. And now a face, both beautiful and beloved, was on the spiritual canvas; a few more spirited touches, a more decided curve to the handsome lips, and a deeper, heavenlier blue within the glorious eyes, and it would be complete. The face of one whom she had met only a few weeks before, whose voice, whose smile, had taken her back to the days of her childhood again.

Kind and courteous he was to all, and especially to women, and yet he had never loved; brave, yet gentle; reserved, but never haughty; steadily and handsome, yet without vanity; and glorious intellect—to the hazardous profession he had chosen; consecrating himself, as a kind of high-priest, to the Lord, and only caring to follow in His footsteps, and preach His word to the heathen and those who sat in darkness longing for the light. He seemed to her a Christian knight, "without fear and without reproach;" and in her heart he was shrined, even in her girlhood, not as an idol, but as her highest and fullest realization of perfect manhood.

And now that she had met him when she was best able to understand and appreciate his worth, he was becoming, by degrees, all to her—guide, teacher, companion, and friend—and slowly, but surely, a love which purified her whole nature and sanctified her life, and which was no more to be compared to the former fancy she had felt than is the faint glimmer of starlight on a cloudy eve to the full, clear radiance of the queenly moon, that eddied round her lip—the same roguish smile lit up her animated face—and only a close observer could discern that deep down in the proud eyes lay a look of latent weariness, which showed how different was the woman from the girl of sixteen.

"I want to say something to you. May I?" She bowed her head.

A sudden change was visible in his manner. A subdued eagerness and a happy glow flushed his cheek and kindled in his eyes. She looked at him with a kind of calm surprise.

"You ask why I left my wife, and why I speak of her as I did just now. You know, Olive, how utterly unable she is to give me what I require—the heart, the mind, the soul—pshaw! I do not look for these in her. Olive, do you remember the summer we spent together in America, years ago?"

She would not tell him how long and faithfully she had remembered it.

"I loved you, then, as a sister," he went on, hurriedly; "for all the tenderness and passion of my nature was sleeping. You began to write; and, at last, one of your books came to me; and when I read it, I knew what the lost glory was. It was you and your love that I wanted; and I said to myself—'This is the kindred soul that I need.' They told me that you were gay, wealthy, and heartless. I was afraid to force myself upon your notice after my infamous behavior, and I gave up all hopes of meeting you again, except as we met in the fashionable and the literary world. In the New Forest, however, I dreamed a dream of love and happiness once more, but only for a day. You left me just when the words that should have won you were trembling on my tongue—and I married! You have been my friend—the friend of my wife! Will you never be more? Mine is a wasted, a broken life; but you can make it all I ever dreamed or hoped it would be. I cannot part from you again without telling you how well—how madly I love you! Life will be nothing to me without you! Olive, what have you to say?"

Pale and trembly he awaited her answer. But she was silent—sitting with her hand before her eyes. He knelt beside her, and implored:

"Olive, only one word. Do you love another?"

She raised her head, and regarded him with a long, steady look.

"You!" she said, sadly. "You, whom I once loved so tenderly, to come here and insult me like this!"

"I mean no insult."

"You—you of all others! The measure of your weakness, of your ingratitude, of your cowardice, is filled! Farewell, Francis Oliver! Your way lies there—mine here and I hope that we may never meet again! I would rather far rather, have seen you lying in your coffin, than fallen—abject and degraded—as you now are."

She turned away as she spoke, and walked toward the house. And he dared not attempt, by look or word, to detain her.

CHAPTER XXIV.

"Farewell my home, my home no longer now, Witness of many a calm and happy day; And thou, fair eminence, upon whose brow Della's pale and last sunbeam of the setting ray. Farewell, mine eyes no longer shall pursue The western sun beyond this utmost height When slowly he forsakes the field of light. No more the freshness of the falling dew Cooled the bright, burning bather of my head, As from this western window, I have bade Listening the twitters underneath the shed. Farewell my home, where many a day has past, In joys whose loved remembrance long shall last."

SOUTHEY.

WAS Mr. Oliver mad? It would almost seem so; but there are times in a life like his when sanity puts on the aspect of insanity, and plays the most fantastic tricks imaginable. One of these wild moods had come upon him, and he had yielded to it, as we have seen.

"I don't like you in that mood, Mr. Oliver. I don't like your face—your voice—not the

manner in which you speak of your wife! Why did you go and leave her in that outrageous way?"

"Come and walk with me, Olive," he said, abruptly, offering his arm. Then, seeing that she hesitated and looked surprised, he added: "Oh, I beg ten thousand pardons, with all my heart! I should have said: Miss Marchmont, will you honor me by taking a stroll with me through your grounds?"

It was absurd to refuse him; and seeing, by a stolen glance at her watch, that there was yet an hour before Paul Elliott could arrive, she took his arm, and they went down the steps and into the sunny garden together. Through the flower-garden he led her, and out upon the lawn, where, vailed by the low shrubbery from all inquiring eyes, stood a gnarled and twisted tree, whose fantastically carved trunk had often served as a seat for passers-by.

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RUNNING FOR OFFICE.

BY JOE JOY, JR.

Dear maid, I am a candidate
And somewhat in a mix.
The love of you, dear Polly, is
My life and my pride,
And while I speak to you a speech
Lend your electioneer;
My feelings are conservative—
Sweetest of Polly and dear.

I've stamped the State, and I am stumped
To find your match around,
I count you fair, gentle one,
Than any, on fair count.
It's for you to give me a vote—
Unconquered gave my name,
And wait the general result—
For office, and for fame.

We're on my colleague in the House
We'd represent the state
Of Matrimony, well and long,
And mingle in debate.
I'd like to look for your support
As long as life endures,
And with each step I would dine
At the election Board.

I'd rather like your government;
To operate we'd pack.
I'd never be a pocket dear,
If you don't scratch my face.
You should be Speaker of the House,
And I'd accept your speech,
And I'd keep still whereon you rapped—
And ne'er committee break.

Of course I do the canvassing
And not be canvass-bored,
And on financial ques'ns fine.
We're on our word.
Your face, dear one, is far more sweet
Than face of the returne—
With a plurality of one—
How happy he who ears!

The majority should always rule,
And if I should be beat
Getting the head o' the table, dear,
I'd not contest the seat.
Howe' er things went I always would
Accept your speech,
And no bulldozing be allowed,
And no intimidation.

If I could win in this race—
Twould be my office to become
Constituent, tried and firm.
I am a very candid man
To be a candidate,
And so the general result
I am content to wait.

Cavalry Custer,

From West Point to the Big Horn;

OR,

THE LIFE OF A DASHING DRAGON.

 BY LAUNCE POYNTZ,
AUTHOR OF "LANCE AND LASSO," "THE
SWORD-HUNTERS," ETC.

VI.

GENERAL HANCOCK, as the soldiers approached the camp, noticed that the Indians were very uneasy. They all fancied that the soldiers had come to get them into a trap and kill them. To calm their anxiety, and partly for fear of Indian treachery, the general ordered his camp pitched a mile from that of the Cheyennes, and surrounded it with sentries. Then, as it was late in the day, he ordered a feast, and entertained some of the chiefs, who talked better than ever, and all swore that they were going to be very good.

Evening came on, and then night, and it was duly arranged that the Indians should come to a grand council in the morning. Then everything was quiet, and the soldiers were all sound asleep, when one of the general's Indian scouts, who had been prowling round the Cheyenne camp, came hurrying back in the middle of the night, with the news that the Indians were stealing away, leaving the village standing.

Then there was a fine bustle, as may be supposed. General Hancock was furious, and ordered all the cavalry out, under Custer, to surround the village and capture all the Indians that were left, dead or alive. As quickly as they could be waked, but without sounding any bugles, the cavalrymen were routed out of their tents, saddled up in haste, and rode out to surround the village. There was a bright moonlight, and they could see the white lodges grouped under the trees, like rows of ghosts, but not a figure or fire was visible. By the time the village was quite surrounded, they found out, when too late, that the Indians had fled entirely, leaving not a soul behind.

Custer thus took his first lesson in Indian tricks, and he never forgot the result of that night's experience. He had found that it is never safe to let an Indian go, when once you have him in sight. In a match of cunning, the Indian is sure to win. Nothing was left but to report to General Hancock, and the general at once ordered Custer to take all the cavalry and follow the Indians, hoping to catch them.

All the rest of the night was spent in getting the men ready for next day's trip. It was impossible to follow the trail of the Indians till daylight, and very difficult then. Left to themselves, the soldiers could never have done it, but, along with the expedition, were some twenty or thirty scouts, some white and some Indians. It was on these that they had to depend to catch the Cheyennes. All that night the cavalry soldiers were up and working. Each man had to get three days' pork and hard tack, and a week's coffee and sugar ready for the march.

Starting on a long scout after Indians is not so easy. First, you must put your coffee and sugar in little bags, and tie them up very tight, or the jolting of the horse will shake them all over the saddle bags, on the pork and hard tack. Each article must be wedged so tight it cannot be moved. Then the men draw fifteen pounds of oats apiece, supposed to be enough on the plains, along with the grass, to keep a horse three days. This grain goes into a long narrow canvas bag, and fills it up tight, till it looks like a huge sausage. Then the end of the bag is tied, and this sausage is strapped on the back of the saddle, so that it cannot shake about.

One may say, well, all this can be done in half an hour. That is true, but it takes another half hour for the sergeants of the different companies to go to the commissary and have their portions weighed out, to be distributed afterward to the men, one by one. Then all the horses' feet have to be looked to. If there is a loose shoe it must be taken off and reset, for it would never do for a horse to lose a shoe, on a long march. That horse would soon go lame and have to be left behind.

At last, however, everything was ready, just as the first streaks of dawn were coming in the East. The wagon train of the Seventh Cavalry was all harnessed up and ready to move out. Then the bugles sounded "to horse," and each orderly sergeant ordered his company to lead out their horses. There they stood in a long line, each man at his horse's head, till they had counted fours, beginning on the right, each man calling successively, "one

two—three—four—one—two—three—four," to the end of the line. Then each sergeant turned to his captain, who sat on his horse behind him, and touched his cap. A moment later, all the captains called out "Prepare to mount." At that word each No. 1 and No. 3 led out his horse to the front, the other numbers standing still. This was to give the men room to get on their horses. At the same time, and all together, each man put his foot in the stirrup, seized his horse's mane in one hand, the pommel of the saddle with the other. "Mount!" shouted all the captains. In another moment, just like a machine, every man of the Seventh Cavalry sprang up, threw his leg over, and took his seat. And that is the way a cavalry regiment starts out. A cavalry might think a good deal of fun is made about a little thing, but that is only the beginning of what soldiers call "discipline." Every man has his number and place, and never forgets it, and so, no matter what the crowd, everything is always in order.

A few minutes later, the whole regiment started out in columns of fours, followed by its train of forty great wagons. It may be said why did they take the wagons, when the men carried three days' food? It must be remembered that the great plains of the West stretch for thousands of miles every way, and that neither Custer nor any of his officers knew how far they would have to go before they caught the Cheyennes. The reason they carried provisions on the horses, was that they might be able to leave their wagons for a three days' scout at any time, but with their wagons they could stay out a whole month.

I am telling my readers all these little things to give them an idea of what life on the plains really is, when there is a large body of men to be moved. Remember that on the plains there are only two things to be found for food—grass for the horses—game for the men. It is not always so easy to find game as one may think, and when it is found, it is not so easy to catch it. Moreover, one buffalo will feed three hundred men; and the Seventh Cavalry, officers and all, numbered nearly four hundred. So they had to take the wagons with them, and of course they could only go as fast as the wagons went, that is to say at a walk or slow trot.

Perhaps you begin to see now one reason why the soldiers don't catch the Indians often than they do. It is because the Indians, accustomed from childhood to live on the plain, have no wagons. Their ponies live on

worst desperadoes are afraid of him. If he points a pistol at a man he never need shoot twice. He kills every time.*

Will Wild Bill find the trail for Custer? No. There are some things no white scout can do like an Indian, and all the scouts fall back as soon as they get to the abandoned camp, and let the Indians go to the front. The column of soldiers is a few hundred yards off, halted and waiting for the long file of wagons to lumber out, and the white scouts are clustered in a knot at the further end of the village.

See, the Indian scouts—two Delawares, a Shawnee, a Creek, and a Cherokee have leaped off their horses, and stretch out into a circle round the further end of the village. The whole ground is covered with pony tracks, crossing and recrossing inextricably confounding. The scouts run out just like so many hounds trying to find a scent, at a long, swinging lope, peering at the tracks as they go, and hunting all over the ground.

For some time not a word is spoken. Wild Bill and the white scouts watch the Indians searching. Now the lumbering noise of advancing wagons stops and the soldiers are all at a halt. Here comes Custer, out to the front, to see if the scouts have found the trail. He rides a beautiful bright bay horse, thoroughly bold, and looks like anything but a soldier in his jaunty buck-skin dress. All round his horse see those dogs capering. There are Blucher and Maida his famous Scotch deerhounds, given him by Mr. Barker, of Detroit. There are several fox-hounds and a white Spitz dog, and Custer looks more like a huntsman than a general.

Hark! Just as Custer comes up, they hear a long, loud cry from one of the Indians. He has found the trail!

Away goes Custer, dogs and all, and the scouts follow. When they come up, the Delaware points to the ground. A straight double furrow runs out from the confusion of tracks, and you can see other furrows near it streaking off in one direction from the camp. These furrows look as if a man had been dragging a stick behind him in the dust, on each side of him. There are, however, pony tracks between the furrows, so it seems that a horse must have carried the sticks.

So he did. Those furrows are the marks of

tain, and leaned her head against a pillar that felt so cool to her hot temples.

She was so wretched—so frightfully wretched, and her great, anguished eyes—magnificent eyes that seemed floating in warm amber depths—were eloquent with the same half-deaf, half-piteous expression that made her mouth so tense, so—almost cruel in its set, white sternness.

She could not remember the time since Errol St. George and she had quarreled and parted that she had not been passively miserable; she could not recall a moment since she had been Howard Champion's wife that she had been even passively happy. She had endured, and that was all—endured only, with all her intense will power in perpetual struggle with her feverish, passionate love for Errol St. George; endured, so far as physical life went; suffered, so far, and to the very full, as spiritual existence went.

It had been two years since the night she and Errol St. George had passed such sharply-bitter words, and parted in hot anger to meet so differently from the way either had anticipated—to meet to-night, at Miss Crittenden's reception, and with such an awful barrier between them—Errol St. George and Howard Champion's wife instead of the Winifred Walton of other days.

There had been a pitiful misunderstanding right after that lovers' quarrel of theirs, and then Winifred had had an offer of Mr. Champion's hand, and, in consequence of the misunderstanding that led her to believe that St. George would never again be friendly with her, under the influence of the widely-spread generally credited report, Winifred had decided that since love and Errol could not rule the day, that money and old Mr. Champion should. And money and old Mr. Champion did, and, among all the luxury and magnificence of her home, between sparkle of costly jewels and foamy fall of laces and rustle of silken attire, Winifred tried to suffocate the deathless love for Errol St. George that had never pulsed more hotly in her veins than the hour the minister pronounced her Howard Champion's wife.

Months and months after there had come a letter to her, from a little hidden village in southern France—a letter of contrition and imploring entreaty, acknowledging his all the wrong, only begging, praying with ardent, passionate fervor to be forgiven and loved once more—and the letter was from Errol St. George, and addressed to her maiden name, She seemed talking at random, and her checks were flushed deliciously.

"You deserve more than he can give you, more than anyone in all the world can give—but, not more than I can give you! Winifred—let me offer you my love once more—you will be happy again! Winifred, darling, darling, it is not too late yet. All of youth, and life, and love lies before us; be my very own; we will go away where no breath of slander shall reach you, where I will convince you it is not wrong that we who love so well shall set at defiance society's narrow code—where, I swear before God, I will never, never leave you, that I will be tender and true forever and ever! Winifred! my love, my only love, can you not see it cannot be wrong to unite such hearts, such loves, such lives as ours? Speak, dear!"

She listened, listened eagerly. Oh, how grateful to her starved heart it was to hear his passionate, pleading voice once more. She listened, marking every expression that lighted his handsome face and stood, dazed and trembling before him. He saw his advantage—and he loved her so.

"Winifred! It is yes! It is yes, darling! To-morrow we will go together—to-morrow will be our bridal day—oh, my sweet one, my beloved!"

He would have taken her in his arms, but she drew back, still with that half-ecstatic, half-terrified look in her eyes. He would have rained kisses on her perfect mouth, but there was something, even in her half-yielding, half-decisiveness that checked him.

She answered him in a pitiful sort of way.

"Oh, Errol—don't talk to me like that! I have suffered so—so; but I have not sinned. Errol, go away—you shall not tempt me again."

He smiled tenderly.

"Is it a temptation, my little one? Then you think it would be happiness to be with me?"

A word escaped her lips—eager, passionate.

"Happiness!"

"Then you shall be happy! Winifred, in God's sight you are more mine than Howard Champion's. To-morrow we will leave all the misery and be happy forever. Only one word—only say 'yes,' my darling, say it!"

She hid her face with her hands. Should she say it? Was his reasoning right? Oh, he loved him so, and she was so wretched, so hopelessly miserable!

"Is it yes, dear?" St. George's voice whispered in her ear. She raised her head, frantically.

"Oh—not now—not yet! I must think—after this dance—"

He offered his arm.

"It's another waltz. Dance it with me, my darling, and when it is over tell me Heaven waits for me. Come."

The "Beautiful Blue Danube" was trilling silverly from horns and cornet, and the loud, martial blow of the cornet sounded loud and inspiring; and Errol St. George and Winifred Champion joined the slowly revolving circle of waltzers, so fair to see, so graceful and handsome, and composedly at ease.

Down the long room in his arm, her white lace skirts making foamy waves around her twinkling feet; the odor of geranium and lilies-of-the-valley in her hair and on her bosom coming in little gusts of sensuous perfume to his face; her lithe, willowy form resting like a fairy on his strong arm, and her eyes downcast, with the long, dark lashes sweeping her marble fair cheeks like bronze shadows.

So fair, so lovely, and he loved her so, and to-morrow—

A sudden gasping moan from her lips, a sharp cry of horror from some one standing by—and Errol St. George knew he held in his arms only Winifred Champion's fair form, from which a merciful God had summed up the soul ere sin had laid its ineffaceable stain on its whiteness.

Afterward, a learned physician told Mr. Champion his wife had died literally of a broken heart, and then people remembered how pale and thin Mrs. Champion had been looking lately.

Only Errol St. George knew, and regretted in sackcloth and ashes the imprudent wickedness of his despairing love that had led him to such scarcely pardonable sin.

And Winifred sleeps quietly in Greenwood, her troubled heart at rest.

"I SYMPATHIZE sincerely with your grief," said a French lady to a recently widowed friend. "To lose such a husband as yours—" "Ah, yes, he was very good. And then, you see, such a misfortune is always great, for one knows what kind of husband one has lost, but cannot tell what kind of a man one will find to succeed him."

Just as Custer comes up, they hear a long, loud cry from one of the Indians. He has found the trail!

What is called a "lodge-pole trail." They are made by the ends of the poles with which the Indians put up their lodges. When the squaws take the lodge down, they tie the poles together at one end, throw them over a pony's back and let the other end trail. Then, on the poles behind the pony, they place the bundle of skins that makes the lodge. Then, on the pony, put a squaw and all the children they have lying around loose, and Mr. Indian is ready to move wide.

Whenever you see a fresh lodge-pole trail, you may know that the women and children are along, and there is a chance of catching the Indians, for they never run away from their families. In this instance the scouts had seen plenty of broad trails of horsemen, all moving in different directions, and purposely made very plain, but what they wanted to find was the main trail. They knew that the Indians, in trying to escape, would spread out just like a fan, on purpose to conceal their movements, but they knew that if there was a single lodge carried off, it probably belonged to the chief's family, and that the Indians would be sure to come back to their chief at last.

So, without waiting any more, Custer gave the signal; the column started, and away went the scouts on the little narrow lodge-pole trail, carefree of the pony tracks elsewhere, just as the sun rose over the dry plains of Kansas.

We shall soon see how they fared.

* This same Wild Bill, whose full name was William Hitchcock, was killed last spring in the Black Hills, while gambling, by a miner with whom he had a dispute. The miner shot him dead before he could draw his own pistol.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 303.)

Winifred.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

It seemed to her as if the music would never cease. It seemed as if never before in all her life had melody aroused such sensations as pulsed so madly over her, or echoed with such woful, ecstatic pain through her ears.

She had refused several gentlemen that waited—not because she did not passionately love dancing, or that she was fatigued, or that possibly her lord and master might object to too much gayety on her part; but when the band had begun to play a Strauss waltz she had gone in behind a gray and pink silk curtain, and leaned her head against a pillar that felt so cool to her hot temples.

She was so wretched—so frightfully wretched, and her great, anguished eyes—magnificent eyes that seemed floating in warm amber depths—were eloquent with the same half-deaf, half-piteous expression that made her mouth so tense, so—almost cruel in its set, white sternness.

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